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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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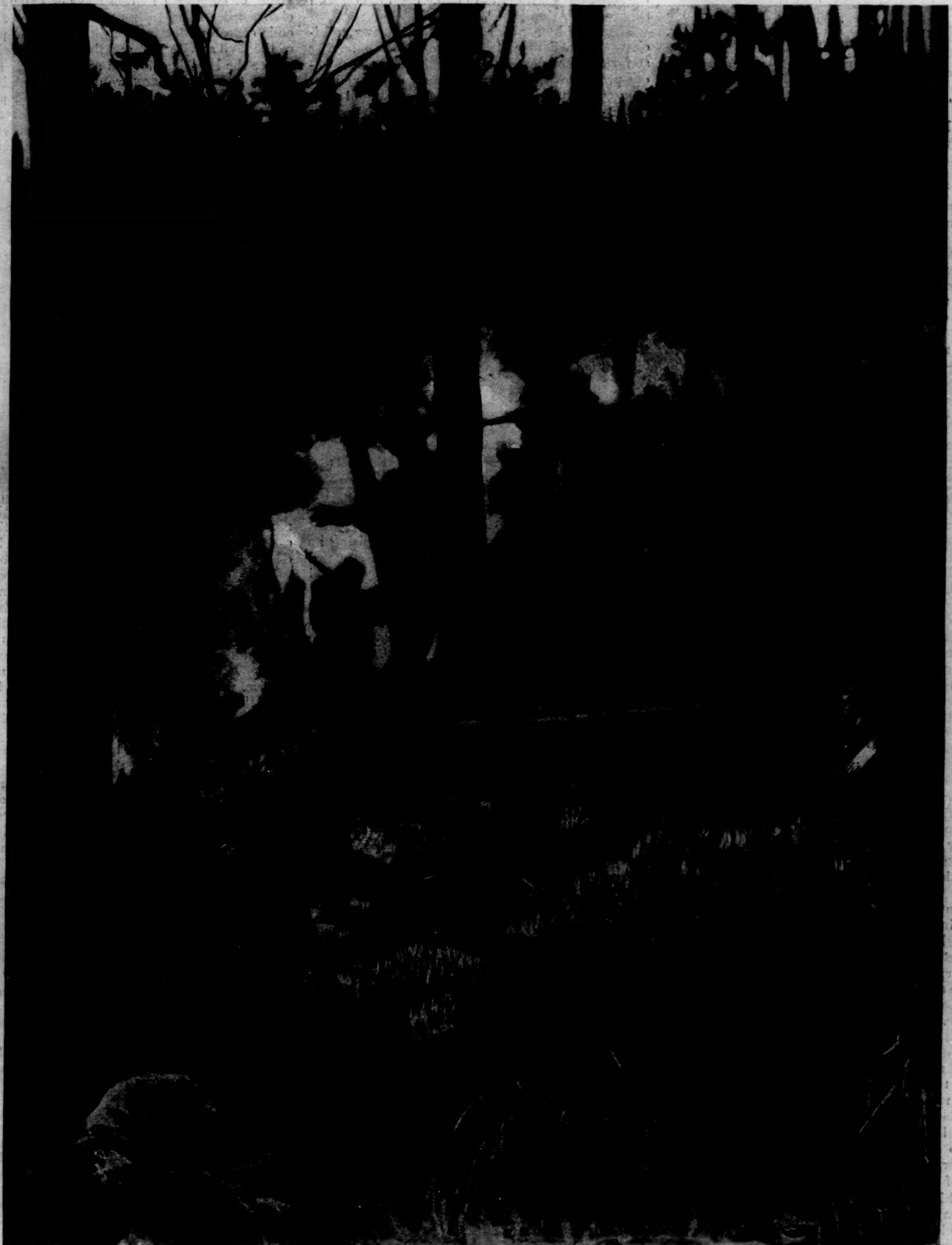

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE.

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE "ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS," PAGE 1235.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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THE VENEZUELA AFFAIR.

THE President's message to Congress, accompanying the correspondence between the governments of the United States and of Great Britain, was a surprise to the American as well as the English people. It was generally expected that the President would, in accordance with his utterances in his annual message, take a firm stand as to the maintenance of the MONROE doctrine, pursuant to his construction of it—that is to say, that he would pronounce himself as opposed to any enlargement by force, or without the consent of Venezuela, of the boundaries of British Guiana at Venezuela's expense. But it was not expected that he would do this in a manner leaving to Great Britain no escape—at least, no escape visible at present—from the bare alternative of direct submission to our demand or fight. We repeatedly expressed the opinion that Great Britain, in view of the threatening state of things in Europe, could not afford to get into a serious quarrel with the United States. This message seems to thrust upon British statesmen the momentous question whether, on the other hand, they can afford to yield to a peremptory demand of the United States under circumstances of humiliation. And to push a foreign power, with whom it is our wish as well as our interest to live upon terms of friendly intercourse, in a case of difference to the point of humiliation, is, in our opinion, a thing which should be avoided until it becomes absolutely necessary. Whether this necessity existed in the present emergency may well be questioned. Lord SALISBURY substantially accepted the proposition of arbitration as to the territory claimed by Great Britain outside of the so-called SCHOMBURGK line. The British title to the territory inside of that line he refused to submit to arbitration, mainly on the ground that a considerable number of British subjects had settled down upon that territory, and that the mother-country could not abandon them to their fate. This did not preclude the further discussion of the question whether such occupancy could rightly be held to create title, and whether Great Britain might not, after all, consistently, with proper self-respect, submit to arbitration the whole territory in dispute.

The further discussion of this phase of the question, which might have led to a satisfactory result, has, for the present at least, been cut off. All argumentation about the MONROE doctrine as a part of international law, to be recognized as such by the whole family of nations, is idle. The MONROE doctrine is a rule this country keeps for its own purposes. The maintenance of the MONROE doctrine and its construction and application to this or that case is not a question of law, but a question of power. If we are willing and also strong enough to maintain it in whatever shape against the adverse interests or pretensions of other nations, it will be maintained. If not, not. It is therefore useless to trouble ourselves or others about the formal recognition of the MONROE doctrine as a part of international law. The question turns now, as it will always do, upon a specific case, and we have to ask ourselves, in each instance, whether, and how far, we consider the "safety and greatness" of the country—for which Mr. CLEVELAND makes his appeal—as involved in the case, and in what way we can protect this "safety and greatness" without unnecessarily disturbing the peace of the world.

The President's message has been received by a large part of the American people with great approbation and even enthusiasm. This is partly owing to a natural tendency in the popular mind to applaud the government whenever it shows a bold front to a foreign power, especially when that foreign power is a worthy antagonist, and, perhaps, not over-popular among us. Neither is there any doubt that if this dispute should lead to a sterner conflict, the people at large would loyally stand by their government against all comers. At the same time there is a strong undercurrent of feeling that the national dignity will be best maintained and the national interest will be best served if after this demonstration of national spirit no effort be neglected to bring on an honorable settlement of this difficulty in peace. If Congress accepts the proposition of the President to submit this Venezuelan boundary muddle for a thorough impartial inquiry to a commission appointed for that purpose, and that commission is composed of men generally respected for good sense as well as ability, sufficient time will be gained for the sober second thought to make itself felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

There has been much speculation among politicians as to whether Mr. CLEVELAND, after having so far conducted our foreign affairs with conspicuous prudence and moderation, may not have been induced to take this somewhat sensational step concerning the Venezuelan business with a view to putting himself forward as a candidate for the Presidency again, or to saving his party from the unpromising situation in which it at present finds itself. We candidly believe that those who think or say so do Mr. CLEVELAND injustice. He has on so many occasions put his personal popularity in jeopardy by doing what he considered right and for the best interest of the country, that he may fairly be regarded as standing above the suspicion of acting the part of reckless demagogy. In this respect his character is too well established. What he has done has doubtless sprung from his sense of public duty and responsibility, and we trust he will in the prosecution of this matter not forget that a war between Great Britain and the United States would be to both nations the greatest calamity imaginable.

THE PASSING OF THE SPOILS SYSTEM.

THE buoyant spirit animating the fifteenth annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, recently held in the city of Washington, appears to have been well justified by the rapid progress of a movement which in its beginning seemed to be hopelessly struggling against wind and tide. The confidence now inspiring its advocates, that before many years it will be crowned with complete success, is encouraged by several substantial facts.

In the first place, the merit system, wherever it was introduced and faithfully enforced, has produced results so unquestionably excellent that even the opponents of civil service reform are no longer able to deny them. It has secured for the public service a class of men averaging, in point of character as well as ability, far higher than the men appointed by personal or political favor. This is strikingly proved by the very significant experience that many persons appointed to places in the public service under the merit system are in constantly increasing numbers passing from public employment into private business positions, their having passed competitive examinations being regarded by intelligent business men as a recommendation of superior value. It is further proved by the public records, which show an astonishing decrease of cases of dishonesty or inefficiency in public offices subject to the civil service rules, thus conclusively demonstrating that the merit system insures to the public better work and greater security for their money. It is proved, finally, by the substantially unanimous declaration of heads of departments of public administration in which the merit system prevails, that on no account would they return to the old practice of appointing public servants on the ground of personal or political favor. The merit system may therefore be considered as an established and virtually undisputed practical success.

The development of this success, as it became apparent to the public mind, was accompanied by the rapid growth of the merit system upon popular favor. Especially while grappling with the alarming evils of misgovernment in our large cities the intelligent public became convinced that while civil service reform is not a panacea for all social and political ills, it is certainly the reform without which no permanent general reform of our municipal governments is possible. This conviction found a most forcible expression in the overwhelming popular majority by which the introduction of the merit system into their municipal concerns was voted by the citizens of Chicago. And there is not the slightest doubt that wherever an earnest effort is made by popular movement to put the administration of municipal affairs upon a sound footing, a thorough application of the principles of civil service reform will by common consent be recognized as an imperative prerequisite. This idea is growing more and more familiar to the popular mind. The cause of civil service reform is thus fast becoming in the true sense a popular cause.

But what especially cheered the members of the Civil Service Reform League assembled in Washington were the many evidences of the earnestness with which the administration of President CLEVELAND had taken the work in hand. It is not, as was formerly thought by some people, Mr. CLEVELAND alone who has civil service reform at heart, finding it difficult to push the more "practical" politicians at the head of the different government departments up to the mark. But we see now the Secretaries themselves take the initiative, devising of their own motion ways of extending the civil service rules, trying to apply the merit principle even to offices not originally in the purview of the civil service law, and then laying their plans before the President for his approval. That Postmaster-General WILSON would do so might have been expected from his enlightened and progressive spirit. But Mr. HOKE SMITH, the Secretary of the Interior, who was by no means an ardent civil service reformer when he entered upon his office, is likewise zealously exerting himself to rescue the different branches of the service under his control from what grasp the spoils system still has upon them. And even the Secretary of the Treasury, of whose management in this respect evil things were reported last year, seems to have become thoroughly convinced by experience that the civil service rules must not only be strictly enforced in letter and spirit, but that they should be extended to the utmost limits of practicability. Secretary MORTON'S most thorough work in the Department of Agriculture, and the improvements effected by Secretary HERBERT in the regulations governing appointments in the laboring force of the Navy Department, are likewise deserving of the highest praise. There seems to be no doubt of President CLEVELAND'S purpose, before the expiration of his Presidential term, to bring under the civil service rules every public position to which the existing civil service law was originally intended to apply, and to leave in this respect nothing for his successor to do.

While this great achievement may well make every friend of civil service reform rejoice, the moral effects of the reform upon our political life can indeed come to full fruition only when the offices lying outside of the contemplation of the existing civil service law are also removed from the domain of spoils politics—that is, when under the national government the appointments to the non-political Presidential offices, and under our State and municipal governments appointments of corresponding grade, are also made on the merit principle. It is a hopeful sign that, as to the national service, various recommendations offered in their annual reports by several heads of departments in Washington strongly point in this direction, and that the widespread movement for non-partisan municipal government is based upon this very idea. But it may be expected that the "practical politicians" will make a desperate fight for the spoils still within their reach. On the other hand, the civil service reformers, striving for the complete abolition of the spoils system, have the advantage of being favored by a decided and pronounced public sentiment on their side, and they are encouraged as they have never been before by the prospect of a complete triumph of their principles.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

A CONVENTION representing the skilled laborers of many trades throughout the United States met in New York on December 9th and adjourned on the evening of December 17th. Its proceedings have been reported by the daily press, but have puzzled the general reader not a little, inasmuch as few journals have taken the necessary trouble to ascertain and to explain the nature of the assembly and its purposes. The American Federation of Labor was founded in 1881, and delegates of all existing trades unions were invited to join it. Previous attempts to unite the skilled working-men of the country, so that their social and political power might be felt as a unit had failed because they attempted too much. The local concerns of each organization, and the peculiar interests of each trade, cannot be controlled or fully understood by a national body. The Federation is founded on another principle, as its name implies. It is an assembly of representatives of the trades unions to act solely upon matters of common interest, avoiding all interference with the internal affairs of its constituent bodies.

Its field is, however, large enough to demand the highest ability and character. It undertakes to educate public opinion on trades unions and on the relations of labor to employers and to the public. It has attempted in many instances to obtain legislation in favor of laborers, to regulate the employment of women and children, the inspection of mills, factories, and public buildings for sanitary purposes, to extend free education, and, above all, to reduce the hours of labor. On some of these subjects it has exercised much influence, and the proceedings of this last convention have shown that it is capable, if wisely guided, of accomplishing much more in the same direction.

The impression made by the convention in its proceedings, and by the majority of its members, has been, on the whole, unexpectedly favorable. During the fourteen years of its existence its organization has improved in form, compactness, and manageableness, and in the conduct of its meetings it compares favorably with any other body of earnest men who have not been especially trained to service in deliberative assemblies. That much time was wasted and many impertinent subjects brought forward are details which need correction hereafter, but which detract little from the character of the convention as a whole. It must be judged by its actual work and results.

The reports from constituent unions described strikes and boycotts undertaken by these unions severally to influence their wages and hours of labor. Most of them represented the strikes and boycotts as successful. These were received with unalloyed satisfaction, the instances of failure with manifest regret. But observers were struck by the absence of any attempt to treat strikes and boycotts from a statesmanlike point of view. All the information given suggested that the apparent successes of this kind constituted on the whole a failure; that in the aggregate the laboring-men who had accomplished their purpose by such means had lost more, even by the narrow measure of immediate profit, than they had gained. The occasion seemed to call for inquiry to what extent the Federation might prevent strikes and boycotts, and substitute for the brute force of labor wars the moral and intellectual powers within their reach. So much desire for scientific inquiry and a statesmanlike policy was shown that the absence of any effort to modify violent methods among laborers was conspicuous. Some of the leaders of the convention are men who have distinguished themselves by opposition to barbarous and disorderly warfare against capital. It is to be hoped that their silence on this occasion is not due to distrust of the principles they had before avowed.

The Federation has been for years feeling its way upon the fundamental question how, in general, they shall propagate their views. The group which may be called the extreme left, the most violent, and, in their own opinion, the most progressive of all, have long insisted that the Federation of Labor must form a political party. They are socialists in their practical philosophy, and seek a reorganization of society upon an industrial basis. Since so radical a change can only be secured by absolute command of government in its very sources, they wish by political agitation to convince the entire body of laboring-men—that is to say, the vast majority of the whole people—that such a revolution is necessary. Their energetic effort to turn the Federation into a political movement was decisively defeated last year, and by a still larger majority this year. After an earnest discussion the convention resolved, "that party politics, whether Democratic, Republican, socialistic, populistic, or any other, shall have no place in the Federation of Labor." This vote was regarded as a final defeat of the socialistic group. Yet members of the majority declare with emphasis that the formation of a socialist labor party in this country is but premature. The whole body of working-men will not yet unite in the movement. But many, if not most, of the delegates look forward to a time when such a party may be organized with assurance of complete success.

Meanwhile it seems plain that the purpose of the leaders to keep the Federation out of politics applies only to the methods of propagating their doctrines, and not to the doctrines themselves. The resolutions of the convention and all its discussions look to the reduction of the power of capital, particularly of corporate capital, by governmental organization of labor. Not a suggestion was made that the right of the community over the individual has any limits, and the general sentiment of the members seemed to be that the golden age will come when government shall regulate the interests, duties, labors, and rewards of all men. The Federation seems to be unanimous in favor of the ownership and operation by the nation of all railroads, telegraphs, and other means of communication between communities, and the ownership and operation by local governments of street railways, gas and electric lighting companies, and similar enterprises. Every suggestion towards extending the authority of society regardless of the freedom of the individual was received with enthusiasm. The delegates as a whole seemed to anticipate the time when the organized working-men shall write a new constitution for the nation, and shall administer it in their own interests. To hasten this prospect the convention undertook the organization throughout the country of unskilled labor. This conception of a vast union, including all the workers for wages in the United States, guided by the intelligent and resolute leaders who control the existing Federation, is amazing in its boldness, and, if its realization were practicable, would threaten consequences of such moment that the questions upon which party lines are now drawn might well be dismissed as petty and trivial.

The practical work, which promises results of most immediate importance, was the adoption of a report on hours of labor. It has long been a favorite scheme of dreamers among working-men to induce the skilled workmen of every trade, upon a day fixed beforehand, to suspend work, paralyzing the industries of the nation, and establishing a reign of terror among the millions dependent upon these industries for daily bread and for the tenor of their lives, to be ended only when all employers agree that no man work more than eight hours a day. This project has long been discussed, and the final report of a committee upon it, adopted by the convention, rejects it as impracticable or unwise, inasmuch as a struggle thus precipitated would inflict more damage upon the workers than upon others. But it recommends that on the first day of May, 1896, the day fixed by the advocates of the universal strike for its beginning, some one trade, selected by the executive of the Federation, shall strike as the representative of all, and the resources of the half-million members of it are to be at their service. This scheme is hardly less bold than the visionary one described, and is more dangerous in that the trade selected may, by its suspension, throw the transportation of a large section of the country into confusion. Doubtless at the adjournment of the convention the belief that such a strike is feasible and will be effective was held by nearly all its members. The words "eight hours" have become, under the influence of demagogues, a sort of fetish or talisman among vast numbers of our working-men. They talk of the equal division of time between sleep, recreation, and labor as if it were a law of nature, and seem blind to all considerations growing out of the different character of different kinds of work, as well as the impossibility in certain trades of competing, by the use of eight hours' labor, with communities which work through a longer day. But the enthusiasm, even of the leaders, will have much time to cool before May, and it is by no means certain that they will be able to unite their followers in the sacrifices and efforts necessary for such an undertaking as this. With the general policy of all trades unions to profit by the increasing productiveness of labor in a gradual reduction of hours, and thus to increase the working-man's opportunities for culture and enjoyment, all economists and philanthropists are in cordial sympathy. But the scheme of reducing all human occupations to a level in the number of hours necessary to accomplish a full day's work is as wild as any other scheme to destroy the differences between men and the variety of life.

PHILADELPHIA'S STREET-RAILWAY STRIKE.

The conservative citizens of Philadelphia were startled when, on taking up their morning papers on December 17th, they read that a general strike of the motormen and conductors on all the street railways of the city (except the Hestonville Road) had been ordered, taking effect at 4 A.M. While there had been growing evidences of discontent on the part of the trolley employés, and while there had been considerable talk of a strike in the news columns of the papers, there was no thought that a crisis was near at hand. Philadelphia has had so few serious labor difficulties, and there has been so little to disturb its peace, that the people could scarcely realize that they were to experience the effects of a great contest between organized capital and organized labor just at the holiday season, when every one, it is expected, thinks only of pleasant and joyous things rather than of stern conflicts involving life and property.

The men could not have selected a more opportune time to inaugurate their strike. The citizens had been much wrought up over the alleged oppression of the newly organized Union Traction Company (composed of all the street railway companies, with the exception noted above), and were in a temper to sympathize with any move antagonistic to the company. It was not surprising, therefore, to observe a cheerfulness on the part of the riding public under great inconvenience, and very general evidences of popular sympathy with the strikers. A few weeks ago a monster mass-meeting was held in the Academy of Music to protest against the continuation of the Union Company's policy of charging eight cents for transfers, that had formerly been given, when the various lines were competing for business, for five cents. The Citizens' Committee appointed at this meeting, and having among its members level-headed and conservative men of affairs, like ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, Charles Richardson, ex-Postmaster John Field, Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, and Rev. George D. Baker, D.D., through a subcommittee called on President John Lowber Welsh, of the company, and presented the conclusions reached at the town meeting, couched in moderate and reasonable terms. His reception of the members, while courteous, was such as to give them and the public to understand that the company was entirely competent to manage its own affairs without any assistance or suggestions from outside sources. Naturally such a course did not tend to conciliate the people who regard the trolleys as a public institution; and while President Welsh's position is defensible on some grounds, it would have been wiser policy to have promised to give the suggestions of the committee careful consideration, especially in view of the fact that the company the next day after the call conceded one of the committee's demands, to wit, the charge of five cents for a ride to any part of the city where there was no change of cars, the company having previously charged double fares to suburban points like Germantown, Mount Airy, Chestnut Hill, and Frankford.

Shortly after the formation of the Union Company, not only were all free transfers abolished, with the result of arousing the people, but at the same time equally radical changes respecting the rules governing employés were introduced, and systematic discharges of men identified with labor organizations begun, with the result of arousing the employés. Here is where the company made a tactical mistake in bringing on two important contests and arousing two strong antagonisms at one and the same time. Had the changes determined upon by the company been gradually introduced there would have been a scattering fire of indignation, protest, and criticism, which could have been easily met. As it is it all comes at once, and a grave situation, involving grave issues, is the result.

The employés made a tactical mistake in not listening to the counsel of ex-Governor Pattison and Thomas Martindale of the Citizens' Committee, both of whom, on the night before the strike, strongly advised against extreme measures, and further in insisting that their grievances should be presented by a committee of a labor organization, and composed partly of men not in the employ of the company and in some instances from other cities. Had the men who were in the employ of the company and who felt themselves aggrieved by its attitude gone to President Welsh, and had he refused to treat with them, their case would have been much stronger. There seems to be no doubt as to their being overworked and underpaid, but this does not give them a license to endanger the public peace—and a strike always has this effect.

At this writing there have been no really ugly developments. On the first day there was a little tendency to rioting on the part of that portion of the community that always seems to be on the lookout for such occasions; but there were no really serious breaches of the peace, except the dismantling of a number of cars. This might have proved more serious but for the prompt action of the police in keeping the crowds moving and dispersing, as rapidly as formed, all disposed to congregate at the points of excitement.

Mayor Warwick's well-worded proclamation and publicly expressed determination to preserve rigorously the peace had a reassuring effect, and on the second day there was less disorder than on the first. Thus far the company has done nothing to exasperate the strikers, and the latter have not been active in any of the disturbances.

The present prospects are that the men will lose, as the resources of the company are practically unlimited, although there may be some delay in marshalling them. The strikers, however, are making their usual claims of a successful termination.

It speaks well for the orderly sentiment prevailing in Philadelphia that with the unusual provocation existing at the outset of the strike, there was no serious outbreak, resulting in extensive damage to property and loss of life. The strike, however, has had a most disastrous effect in retail business at a time of the year when the average shopkeeper hopes to make up for dull times.

"SCRUPULOUSLY FAIR."

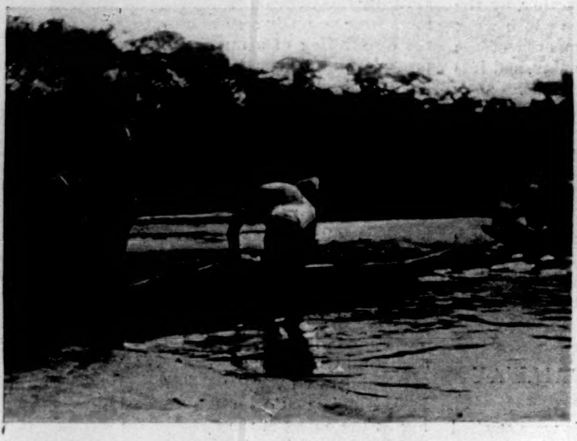
As we pointed out last Saturday, one of the subjects of irritation in the relations between our country and Germany is the recent exclusion of the leading life-insurance companies of America from Prussia. The President's annual message referred to this unfriendly act, and was answered by the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs by the declaration, in the Reichstag, that these companies had refused to conform to the laws, which are the same for German companies, and might return to Prussia if they would comply.

This is one of the most plausible statements in recent international history, illustrating the possibility of conveying an utterly erroneous belief without asserting a falsehood. No one knows better than Baron von Marschall, the Imperial Minister, that the treatment of insurance-companies by the late Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr von Köller, was unequal, and was inspired by a determined purpose to drive out the American companies. These institutions were admitted to Prussia under concessions which invited them to invest in the country, and to maintain agencies there, at the will of the minister; but it was understood by them and by the public that his discretion would be exercised reasonably. No sooner had they made large investments and begun an extensive business there than he began to impose new conditions upon them, threatening exclusion as the penalty of failure. These conditions were selected so as to bear with peculiar hardship upon American companies. But they complied as long as it was possible. Finally the minister devised a method of accounting and of dividing surplus inconsistent with the charters of these companies, but having little effect on German companies, and ordered all to obey or withdraw. This edict has been administered in the same spirit, that is to say, German companies have been tolerated in neglecting it, while American companies, which far more nearly conformed to its terms, have been excluded. Moreover, none of the conditions imposed on these companies have any relation to the security of policy-holders or to public rights. They are arbitrary rules, unknown to any other country, and disapproved by every scientific authority in Germany as well as here.

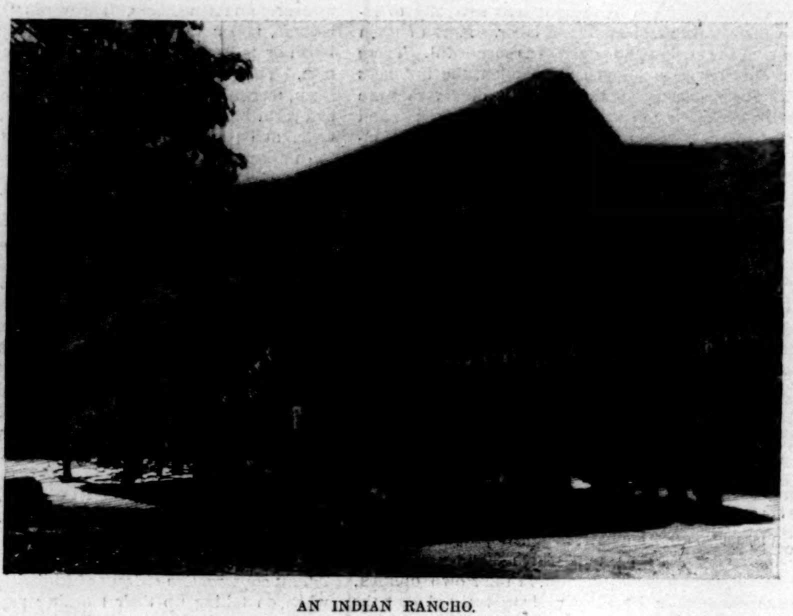
The most interesting fact of all is that this is fully understood by Baron von Marschall, who has himself, it is not doubted, urged upon the Prussian ministry the importance of treating these interests with more forbearance, and has been met by Von Köller by a rather arrogant assertion of the exclusive jurisdiction of Prussia over its internal affairs. Perhaps Von Köller's successor will be more reasonable.

INTERIOR OF A VENEZUELAN STATION ON THE AMACURA RIVER.
The Commissary-General, the Rev. J. R. Llovera, and a family of Indians.

A VENEZUELAN STATION ON THE AMACURA RIVER.
Laying the Corner-Stone of a Chapel.

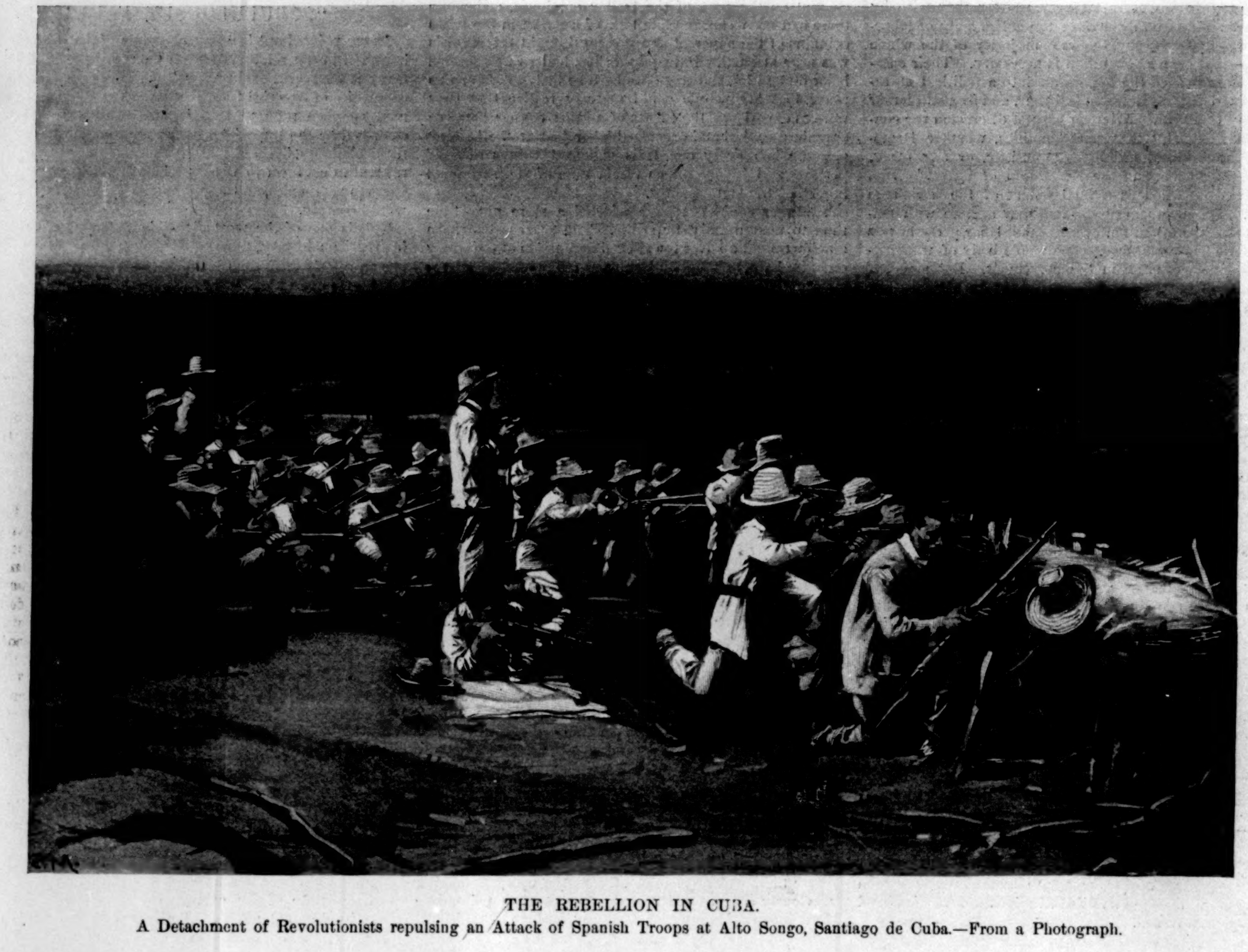


INDIANS ON THE CUYUNI RIVER.



AN INDIAN RANCHO.

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY QUESTION—SCENES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.



THE REBELLION IN CUBA.
A Detachment of Revolutionists repulsing an Attack of Spanish Troops at Alto Songo, Santiago de Cuba.—From a Photograph.

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

III.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, U.S.A.

PART II.

THE trail led us along the bluffs overlooking the brush-covered valley of Ruby Creek, and as we moved stealthily forward I could hear a cautious whisper, "There they are—look!" On the opposite side of the little narrow valley lying at our feet a single light appeared, glimmering in the darkness, and then another, and Bostwick whispered, "A couple of straggling tepees." Soon getting abreast of these, we caught sight of numerous lights lower down the valley, and the main camp of our enemies was as plainly in sight as the dim starlight permitted. Our trail now led us through a point of timber, composed of small pines, jutting down from the hills, and emerging from that we were startled by moving bodies directly in our path on the sidehill, and realized the fact that we were almost amongst a herd of several hundred horses, many of which as they moved away commenced to neigh and whinny. The startled dogs in camp took the alarm and commenced to bark, and for a few anxious moments it seemed as if discovery was inevitable; but the startled horses moved away up the hill, and we glided along between them and the camp, and halting directly opposite the lights, sat down on the trail to observe and await events. If we had been discovered we should soon learn it, and in the most offensive way. All ears were therefore bent towards the sleeping camp, but no stir was perceptible, the barking of the dogs died down, as did the fires, and every now and then the sleepy cry of a baby could be heard, or the chatter of a few wakeful squaws. During this long anxious wait (for we lay here fully two hours, shivering in the cold), and in the midst of the intense strain, I was startled by seeing, right in my line, a bright light suddenly appear. An impatient soldier, unmindful of the surroundings, and burning for the soothing effects of tobacco, had struck a match with which to light his pipe. Under other circumstances the man might well have been shot on the spot, or knocked over with the butt of a musket. But this would have been worse than the match, and he was quietly told by the nearest officer to put out his pipe, and give no further cause for alarm. Up to this time the most wonderful thing to me was that we had gotten into the very presence of the Indians without discovery. Thinking over our position, it very naturally occurred to me that here we were in precisely the position I desired the mounted advance to take twenty-four hours previous. We were between the Indians and a large part of their herd, and it would be an important matter to run the latter off, and thus partially, at least, set the camp afoot. I therefore told Bostwick to get three or four of the citizens and drive this herd quietly back on our trail. But Bostwick, who had spent all his life amongst the Indians, objected that this course would certainly create alarm, and render a surprise impossible.

"THERE THEY ARE—LOOK!"

This was to be avoided by every means, and his assertion that the Indians would never allow the herd to remain unguarded settled the question. I have often regretted since that I did not insist upon my order being carried out; for the herd had no guard, we should have made an important capture, and Bostwick's life would have been saved.

Everything now died into perfect quietness in the camp, and even the dogs seemed to have been lulled into silence, and Bostwick said, "If we are not discovered, you will see the fires in the tepees start up just before daylight, as the squaws pile on the wood."

As the sky in the east began to brighten, the fires began to blaze all through the camp, and the troops were sent down into the creek bottom and ordered to push quietly forward through the thick brushwood, wading the sloughs, in some places up to the men's waists. The distance to the stream, along the further bank of which the camp was pitched, was several hundred yards from the bluffs, and in some places the brush was so thick and impenetrable that the troops were broken up into squads before they got close to the tents.

Seated on my horse on the bluff and overlooking this movement as well as the dim light permitted, with every sense on the strain for the first sign of alarm, I was startled by a single shot* on the extreme left of the line; and as if answering the shot as a signal, the whole line opened, and the men, rushing forward with a shout, plunged into the stream and climbed up the opposite bank, shooting down the startled Indians as they rushed from their tents pell-mell, men, women, and children together. Like a flock of startled quail, the first impulse was to seek shelter in the brush behind the abrupt creek bank; but finding themselves rushing directly into the arms of our men, many broke for the bluffs on the opposite side of the valley, some of them dropping into any hole offering protection. Near the upper end of the camp the stream made a sudden turn towards us, with a steep bank next the camp. To this bank many rushed and crowded behind it. As the troops on the right of the line swept around through an open space, the men found themselves directly behind these, and here the greatest slaughter took place. Within twenty minutes we had complete possession of the camp, and orders were given to commence destroying it. But the Indians, although badly stampeded, were not disposed to give up the fight, and shots began to come on us from all directions—from the brush up and down the stream, and more from the bluffs on the other side of the valley, and finally from the bluffs on our own side; behind us, and in the attempt to rip open the tepees, our men were fired upon by those within who had not had time to escape, some of the shots being from pistols in the hands of squaws and boys. Crossing the bottom from the bluffs on horseback with my acting adjutant, Lieutenant Woodruff, we received a fire from some of the Indians in the brush, and on reaching the camp I discovered a party under the leadership of Captain Browning making a rush for the bluffs some hundred yards away with the idea of driving off the Indians there concealed and firing upon us. Our numbers were entirely too small to run the risk of a division, and the party was hurriedly recalled, but not before First Sergeant Robert L. Edgeworth, of Captain Browning's company, fell—a gallant young soldier of fine record—and several others of the party were killed or wounded; and whilst a part of the command was deployed in two lines of skirmishers to clear the brush, the rest were employed in attempts to destroy the camp. This last we were almost immediately obliged to give up, for the shots now came from all directions, and almost every time one of their rifles went off one of our party was sure to fall. Spurring my horse across the stream and up the steep bank on the other side, I realized the fact that horseback was not the healthiest position to be maintained. Four horses only were taken into the fight; three of them had already been shot—the rider of one being killed, the rider of another wounded. Hastily dismounting and holding my horse's rein, I stood looking at the scene around me, when an officer close by called my attention to the fact that my horse was wounded, and glancing around, I discovered that the poor beast had his foreleg broken near the knee. I had, in a dim way, realized the fact that I had received a shock of some kind, but it took me a second or two to discover that the same bullet which broke my horse's leg had passed through mine; but I was more fortunate in the fact that it had not broken the bone. It is said that frequently the first impulse of a man when shot in battle is to run away. I am not very clear as to whether this was true of me or not. I can only say that what I did was to run or hobble back a few steps and plunge into the cold water of the stream over my boot-tops. If I had any intention of running away farther, the cold water must have recalled me to my senses, and made me realize the fact that my little force was in what is said to have been "the ideal position" for an army entertained by one of the prominent commanders during our civil war: We had no "line of retreat," nor "base of supplies" to attend to, and "our front" appeared to be in the form of a circle.

One thing had now become very apparent. We were occupying an untenable position, and longer continuance in it could result only in increased losses and inability on our part to retaliate. The men were therefore collected, and orders given to move back towards the bluff we had left in the morning, and in the direction of the point of timber jutting down into the valley, and heretofore mentioned. Every one knows the demoralizing effect of a retreat in the face of an enemy. We had to pass an open glade in the valley, where the Indian sharp-shooters posted on the high ground had us in plain view, and here several of the party were shot down. As we reached the foot of the bluff and commenced to rise toward the timber, a young corporal cried out, in a loud voice, "To the top of the hill—to the top of the hill, or we're lost!" I have never witnessed a more striking instance of the value of discipline than was now presented. To the top of the hill was the last place *I* wanted to go or *could* go, and I called out to the corporal to remind him that he was not in command of the party. The men about him burst into laughter. Amongst regular soldiers the height of absurdity is reached when a corporal attempts to take command of his colonel, and the incident really had a good effect by calling attention to the fact that the commanding officer was still alive. We lost no time in getting into the timber, which was hurriedly abandoned by the few Indians there ahead of us. Here we dropped behind such shelter as we found at hand or could hastily improvise, and the officers and men were placed in the best position for defence, in anticipation of the storm which all felt must burst upon us very soon. The trees about us were all small pines, generally not to exceed three or four inches in diameter, but it is a wonder how large such a tree looks under the circumstances which surrounded us, or were about to surround us. Fortunately there were a number of logs and stumps lying about, and those lucky enough to get these were millionaires (for the time being) in safety.

Few of us will soon forget the wail of mingled grief, rage, and horror which came from the camp four or five hundred yards from us when the Indians returned to it and recognized their slaughtered warriors, women, and children. Above this wail of horror we could hear the passionate appeal of the leaders urging their followers to fight, and the warwhoops in answer which boded us no good.

Every eye was on the alert watching for signs of an advance, for which we did not have long to wait, and soon caught sight of the Indians creeping forward through the brush towards us, and the more advanced soon got into position and opened fire. I was standing down near the edge of the bluff looking on, with one or two officers near by, when suddenly a shot was heard, and Lieutenant English, standing close by my side, fell backward with a cry. A bullet had gone through his body. The men now began to fire rapidly, and were excitedly throwing away their ammunition. This was soon checked by the officers, and the men cautioned to fire only when they could see distinctly and take deliberate aim.

When leaving camp the night before our twelve-pound

* The left of the line was formed of Lieutenant Bradley's men and the citizen volunteers. As these pushed forward through the brush, an Indian on horseback suddenly made his appearance, following a trail in the brush, going undoubtedly to look after the herd on the hillside behind us. He was at once shot by one of the men, and it was this shot which gave the alarm.

mountain howitzer had of necessity to be left behind, for fear the noise of the wheels would give the alarm, but I gave orders that at early daylight it should start after us with a pack-mule loaded with two thousand rounds of extra rifle ammunition. Soon after we reached the timber two shots from the howitzer were heard back on the trail, and we realized the fact that the Indians in taking position around us had intercepted the only re-enforcements we had any prospect of receiving—our howitzer and supply of ammunition. We afterwards learned that the three non-commissioned officers in charge, Sergeants Daly and Frederick and Corporal Sales, made the best resistance they could, whilst the two privates took to their heels, and were never heard of again till they had put a hundred miles between themselves and the battle-ground. As the Indians closed in around the piece it was fired twice, and then the men used their rifles. The horses were shot down, and brave old John Bennett, the driver, was caught under the one he rode, but succeeded in releasing himself as the horse struggled in his death-throes, and escaped into the brush. Corporal Sales was killed and the two sergeants wounded, but succeeded before making their escape in partially disabling the howitzer and throwing the friction tubes away. This was a matter of some considerable importance, for, as was afterwards learned, there were Indians in the party who knew something about artillery, and although it would have been a novelty, it would have been a disagreeable one to have been shelled in our wooded retreat with our own gun. As it was, the Indians, after capturing the piece, completely dismantled it, took off the wheels, concealed the howitzer in the brush, and carried the sponge staff, handspikes, and other implements to the top of a neighboring hill.

In the mean time the Indians had been gathering around us in increased numbers, crawling closer and closer in the brush below and down the timbered gulch behind us. But here their superior marksmanship was not as great as in the open, and the fire of our rifles compelled them to keep well under cover. Aware of our inferiority of numbers, we were constantly on the lookout for them to make a rush upon us, urged on as they were by the loud shouts of their leaders, who were constantly answering each other from the valley below us and the hills above. But the charge never came, although the firing was kept up all day, and was at times very close and deadly, and we lost heavily in killed and wounded, but had the satisfaction of knowing that we inflicted some loss upon the Indians, which warned them against pressing us too closely.

And now a thing happened which carried us back to a scene enacted at Fort Shaw the year before by this very band of Indians. They were in the habit every year of crossing the Rocky Mountains to visit the buffalo herds in the Missouri River country, and during one of these trips stopped a few days at Fort Shaw. The ladies at the post were very anxious to witness a sham-fight, and the Indians agreed to give us an exhibition of one. They came up to the plain just outside the post, mounted and tricked out in all their war-paint and feathers, divided themselves into two parties, and went through the form of firing at each other with blank cartridges. Whilst standing looking at the rather ridiculous scene one of the warriors came up and in broken English asked for some rags. I suggested a handful of hay from the neighboring corral. This was soon obtained, and being lighted with a match, one side charged under the supposed cover of the smoke and drove the other party from the field.

Every lull in the firing was taken advantage of to strengthen stealthily our position by arranging logs and digging dirt, especially for the protection of our wounded, some of whom were lying in a little depression, each with a loaded revolver close at hand, to be used at need in the expected charge, or as a last final guard against torture. We had just commenced to congratulate ourselves on the wholesome dread of our position with which we had inspired the Indians, and to indulge the hope that no attempt at a rush would be made, when the gentle breeze blowing from the west brought to us the smell of *fire*, and a little later a line of burning grass made its appearance on a hill close by, sending its stifling smoke ahead of it. The scene at Fort Shaw came up vividly before us; but this was no sham-fight, and this blaze meant possibly defeat and death, perhaps worse. Slowly the line of fire kept crawling forward, for the grass was thin and not very dry; and we watched it with intense interest, increased by the redoubled yells of the Indians, who evidently thought now that triumph was coming to them at last. The smoke, whilst not very thick as yet, was sufficiently inconvenient, and the close proximity to our lines of some heaps of dry brush sufficed to cause speculation as to the probable result should this fire ever reach them. The danger of a rush being made upon us seemed now more imminent than ever, and every one was on the alert, expecting it whenever any slight increase of the rifle-shots was noted. But the smoke did not materially increase, and in a short time, to our great relief, the wind gradually died down, and then shifting to the southward, all fear from fire vanished. With the disappearance of apprehension and the smoke hope rose with us, but fell with the Indians, and although they continued to fire upon us more or less all day, and at times up to eleven o'clock at night, we had, at daylight on the 10th, demonstrated our ability to "stand them off," and when at that time they made no attempt to assault us, it became very apparent they had given up the fight—not disappearing entirely, but in a great measure abandoning offensive operations. Soon after they regained possession of their camp they began to strike their tents, and shortly afterwards the whole camp outfit, with its herd of horses, moved off over the hills southward; the fact, however, was observed that they did not go out of sight, but halted on the hills, evidently waiting for the result of the contest with us, and possibly fearful of getting too far away from the fighting force.

The discomforts of that night cannot well be exaggerated. We were all soaked to the waist; we had no covering except pine boughs, and the night was cold enough to freeze the water in the ponds near us. We had nothing to eat, and the *extra* rations furnished by Lieutenant Woodruff's horse were, from the lack of fire, not available till daylight. This horse was the only one of the four taken into the fight which escaped alive, and he was killed inside our lines soon after we took position in the timber. During the night he was skinned and cut up ready for use in the event of the siege being continued the next day, when a part of him was eaten whilst we waited for the arrival of our supply wagons. There was, of course, but little sleep in the party, for a large portion had to be kept awake, anticipating a night attack, which, I afterwards learned from Chief Joseph, was proposed and arranged for, but finally abandoned. During the night I sent two runners to Deer Lodge, ninety miles distant, to report our condition. These, a couple of citizens who knew the country, crawled out through the Indians surrounding us and successfully accomplished their mission.

As daylight broke, every man was on the alert in anticipation of an attack, but it did not come, nor were any signs of the Indians to be *seen*; but this never proves they are not about. If our supply wagons were captured we were in a sad condition indeed, with forty wounded on our hands and no means of moving them to the nearest settlements, fifty or sixty miles away. We were therefore rejoiced and the men cheered when a tall, rough-looking citizen rode into our party at half past six to announce the approach of the troops under General Howard. These would bring us surgeons to care for our wounded, and means of moving them if our wagons *had* been destroyed. Fears for the safety of our train were increased by this man's statement that he had seen nothing of it. But, it appeared, he had passed it in the darkness without seeing it. Couriers were sent out to look for it, but these encountered Indians in small parties, and later twenty-five men under Captain Browning and Lieutenants Wright and Van Orsdale, all of whom volunteered, were sent after it, and by sundown our welcome train arrived, with food and blankets, and soon the cook-fires were burning brightly and all eating the much-needed food. These added much to our comfort, and that night we slept more comfortably, but still on the alert; for about eleven o'clock a parting volley was fired into our camp, after which we saw and heard no more of the Indians. Thus ended the battle of the Big Hole. Parties were sent out the next morning (11th) to bury our dead, all of whom were recognized and decently interred. Eighty-nine dead Indians, men, women, and children, were found upon the field.

The killing of women and children was, under the circumstances, unavoidable. The action commenced before it was fully light, and after daylight, when attempts were made to break open the tepees, squaws and boys from within fired on the men, and were of course fired on in turn; but the poor terrified and inoffensive women and children crouching in the brush were in no way disturbed, and a noted instance occurred under my personal observation when her sex saved the life of a woman. Whilst we were in possession of the camp a figure started to run from one of the tepees to the next. Instantly several rifles were brought to the aim, but amidst the cries "It is a woman, don't shoot," the rifles were raised and she escaped unhurt.

General Howard, with a small escort, reached us at ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th, after the Indians had all disappeared. He had hastened forward, supposing he was coming to the relief of a sorely besieged and desperate party, as reported by some of our runaways he met on the trail, but on accepting our rough hospitality he laughingly remarked that coming forward with the expectation of relieving us, he was gratified to find that we were relieving him. His surgeons came the next day and gave the much-needed attention to our forty wounded, and reported the remarkable fact that out of this number there was but one who could have been benefited by the presence of a surgeon with our command, and that was a man who had his cheek laid open by a bullet, which, if it had been sewed up, would have left less of a scar.

The following day (the 13th), leaving three officers and fifty men to continue the pursuit with General Howard's command, the balance of my party with the wounded, started for Deer Lodge, and twelve miles from the battle-field met a large party sent out by the warm-hearted people of Montana to our relief, with every comfort which could be hastily gotten together.

A large granite monument, put up by the government to commemorate the battle, now stands in the point of timber made memorable by our siege.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN a city full of theatres the lover of the drama may much more easily famish than the casual observer would believe, and several times during the present winter I have come anhungered away from the Barmecide boards of playhouses which less fastidious appetites seemed to find heaped with luxuries. If I speak of The Sporting Duchess and The Shop Girl as mockeries which added the anguish of nausea to the misery of inanition, I shall perhaps convey to the reader some notion of the extremity one may be brought to in the midst of an apparent abundance.

I.

But I must not leave the impression of absolute destitution; the season that has given us Mr. Frank Mayo's admirable play from Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson could hardly be classed as a year of famine; and at Mr. Gilbert's evermore delightful lyricated burlesque of His Excellency I had at least once this winter my fill of pleasure. It is too late, I am afraid, to speak of either of these things at the length I should like; but I cannot help bearing my testimony to the exquisite naturalness of Mr. Mayo's acting in his piece, which seemed to me one of the most perfect achievements in the art. It is of the true school, the only school, to my thinking: quiet, refined, with the repose which is the source of all art, and a sort of dignity born of a worthy conception of a most original, a most native character. Mr. Mayo's Pudd'nhead Wilson, indeed, is something that has consoled and supported me through a good deal of histrionic adversity, and I like to recur to it even after several months.

The play is gone, now, from a metropolis which its absence sensibly impoverishes; and we are very soon to lose His Excellency, which I think one of Mr. Gilbert's very best pieces of work. The conceit of the practical-joking family of Governor Griffenfeld is of quite flawless felicity, and of a whimsicality certainly unmatched outside of the author's delicious extravagances. There are moments of lovely poetry in it, as well as hours, all too fleet, of blameless laughter, without one suggestion of the indecencies which we are expected to be amused with in other people's comic operas. It is good to find an old friend growing better, but I have never read or heard anything of Mr. Gilbert's which did not endear his fantastic wit to me the more; and perhaps I am only fondest of this because it is the latest effect of his incomparable drolling. But surely there never was anything of happier event from point to point, of a less labored and unfailing ingenuity, than this charming piece which has been so charmingly played, here. I have heard the music blamed, but if there is one thing I know nothing of it is music; and I am merely sure that I enjoyed it in this case.

II.

There was a new play by Mr. Clyde Fitch very transitorily given, early in the winter, which I was so unfortunate as to miss, but which I fancy must have been good, if one could trust the disfavor of the dramatic critics, as I found I could in the case of his comedy last spring. They all told me that was bad, but I thought it very amusing, with a lot of good sense in it, which the dramatists mostly take care to keep out of their plays, as if the audience could not be trusted with it. They seem as shy of good sense as of real feeling, and amidst a great deal of the accepted thing Mr. Fitch showed both in that play of his.

The reader will imagine from my harking back to the far antiquity of another season how desperate, in spite of my alleviations, I must be for things to speak well of in this; and truly I miss my Harrigan, and I have suffered a bitter disappointment in my Hoyt, whom I loved from the first, in the teeth of all the respectabilities. His Runaway Colt, which I went so eagerly to see, so hopefully, so confidently, turned out an eloping clothes-horse, with at times very little clothes on, which was stopped, with the help of a gymnastic play of Indian clubs, in a baseball ground. He is not a dramatist whom one expects Shakespearian things of, yet we can ill afford to have him fail us, and I wish that a consensus of his friends might make his Runaway Colt a nightmare to him, and fright him back to his Holes in the Ground, his Brass Monkeys, and his Rag Babies, even his Trips to Chinatown.

III.

It is in another region and under other skies, of course, that I come to speak of Sir Henry Irving in two of the new plays he has presented here. I mean the Don Quixote, and the Story of Waterloo, in which I fancied from his acting an effect of the histrionic art as distinguished from the theatric and the dramatic. This distinction may not involve a difference, but I hope it does, for I have been at some pains to imagine it, and I should not like to have my effort go for nothing. What I mean is that the pleasure I got was rather from the acting than from either the literary or the mechanical appliances. In most of Sir Henry Irving's presentations, for instance, the mere theatrism is so fine, so perfect, that I suppose, if we were to be honest with ourselves, we should own that this was what we first thought of when we recurred to any given performance of his; and yet I saw him the other night (it will be the other week when this writing becomes print) in two parts in which he became almost as independent of the drama as of the stage. The impression I received was purely that of impersonation, and at some risk of being offensive when I mean only to be appreciative, I will say that I never before felt so thoroughly persuaded of his power. Of his wonderful intelligence, his insight, his sympathy, his profound knowledge of everything belonging to his art, he had given me a thousand proofs, but it seemed to me that I had been waiting for the last and finest proof of his mastery in it, when I saw his Don Quixote and his Corporal Gregory Brewster.

I suppose that the Don Quixote was far the more difficult study of the two. In this the actor had as little help from the audience as from the playwright or the stage. The conception of such an exalted and heroic nature is still possible enough, but all the cause and circumstance which Cervantes gave it is very caviare to us now, and grows more so. Yet touch by touch, the actor convinced us of its reality, and he did this not by rejecting any point of the cause and circumstance, but by insisting upon each in the utmost literality, and then evoking from all the magnanimous presence of the knightly soul. He did not spare any element of the grotesque; his Don Quixote was obviously mad and obviously ridiculous, and he was held up to mockery by shabby tricks and cruel indignities, but these all fell away from his noble craze and left him sublime in it. The figure was infinitely pathetic, and of the same quality of pathos as we get from Cervantes' story. Don Quixote stood before us no other than as Cervantes meant him, even to those fine touches of impersonal egotism with which his creator verifies his generous frenzy, and the actor's imagination seemed to have interpreted the author's intention by its own sympathy and force. Of course the picture was painful, and I suppose that beautiful as it was it cannot be acceptable to the ordinary play-going mood.

Its beauty could not be so instantly appreciable as that of the study of the old Waterloo pensioner, which was almost as wonderful in its different excellence. The little play—it is rather a mere scene—is so much what Dr. Conan Doyle made it in his sketch that it seems to build itself from the author's text as it goes on; but while the actor's Gregory is quite what one remembers of Dr. Doyle's, it is also ever so much more. If there is anything as perfect of its kind, I must go outside of all English, all American acting of my knowledge for it, and seek its counterpart in the masterpieces of the great naturalistic Italian school, in the work of Carlo Rossi or of Eleanora Duse. The humor, the whimsical, delicate pathos, insinuated through the whole characterization of the old soldier, who was merely an old soldier with a single moment of heroism in his history, was such as I have no phrase kinetoscopic enough to convey. As a type, as a personality, he was realized without one erring touch.

I had never seen Miss Terry in a society part before, and it was most interesting to see with what brilliant intuitions, or the effect of them, she handled the light rôle given her in Mrs. Craigie's little proverb, Journeys end in Lovers' Meeting. I myself have a hardy scepticism concerning the miracles wrought for people going of their own free will to the devil, but if such things could be, I fancy that such a woman as Lady Soupire would behave as Miss Terry said she did. But how sick and sorry all that old stuff made one, false as it was from the beginning and in its falsehood irredeemable to the end! There was one little touch of novelty in the ancient texture, when the repentant husband lets the repentant wife blindfold him, and so gives the repentant lover a chance to steal harmless and unharmed out of the boudoir where he was hiding with all the wicked stage lovers of the past; and if this little touch could only have been applied to something pretty and probable and inoffensive!

But I am aware that this is asking a great deal; almost as much as asking that in the purely æsthetic region the author should have contrived the action without a soliloquy. I noticed that in all these actions the soliloquy prevailed, as I notice that it does in most plays new and old. Its prevalence is the most discouraging thing in the work of the playwrights, for it ought never to be, and the smallest art would eliminate it. The soliloquy is of course supposed to represent what is going on in the character's mind; but it always, and at its best, sounds as if he were talking to himself, which would be imaginable and fit in a lunatic like Don Quixote, but in no sane man. It is a little less disillusioning than the aside, but not much less; and I have lately seen some pieces where the two almost constituted the dramatic frame-work: what was not said in a soliloquy was said in an aside. This is one of things that make me wish at times that there were no dramatic authors at all, but only actors.

IV.

I do not accuse Mr. Lorrimer Stoddard's Napoleon of erring especially in this sort; in fact for a piece aiming to present a series of the most important moments in Napoleon's life, when he must be held conspicuously and constantly before the spectator's eye, it errs so, very little; and it accomplishes its purpose with a skill which I have more and more recognized in the retrospect. Such a piece must necessarily represent the sacrifice of many artistic instincts and intentions in the dramatist, and without its tacit history one could not judge it rightly. But its effect was to show Napoleon in a certain conception of his character, and to make him very palpable. There are other conceptions of him which the play does not deal with, and need not, if it only makes him live in that one; and Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Mansfield did jointly make him live before me the night I saw the play. I could wish that the actor had not thought it heightened the reality to have him speak with a slight accent; all the other characters, Russian, German, French, spoke the ordinary American-English of the stage; but I believe there is a tradition that Napoleon's French had always a touch of Corsican, and that this accounts for Mr. Mansfield's accent. Still I cannot find that it adds.

I have so great an admiration of Dostoyevsky's novel of Crime and Punishment that I went after the Napoleon to see the same actor in Rodion the Student, which bears about the same relation to the story that Trilby the play bears to Trilby the romance, or even a slighter relation. In either case, a motive and a few facts are drawn from the book, and the dramatist does the work of shuffling them and dealing them anew Mr. Mansfield is always a forceful personality, always the same, always himself, with a certain overelaborated ideal of his part, which is at the same time effective. In Rodion I wish he had not been so much gnawed by remorse from the very start, and had not trembled so throughout; there was no climax when the time came for the climax. But I think there might still have been one if the dramatist had dramatized more wisely and given that supreme effect of the book which in the end shows a guilty man entering upon his redemption. That great chance for such an intense actor as Mr. Mansfield was rejected, as was all the vicissitude of emotion of which Rodion is the prey when Sonia urges him, in the various scenes of the novel, to own his crime. As the play closes, it is almost meaningless.

W. D. Howells.

THE WARING MARKET PLAY-GROUNDS.

HOW WE ARE TO TREAT THE NEW YORK PUSH-CARTS.

No one, probably, would dispute the proposition that the push-carts, so largely used by peddlers in New York, constitute something akin to a nuisance. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the push-cart market is a convenience, and sometimes, though not always, an economy, to the public which it serves. It may be accepted as being well established that whatever may be said with reference to the better residence districts, these carts are so useful in the densely populated tenement-house districts that they ought not to be dispensed with if there is any way to overcome the very serious objections to them.

On the East Side they are more or less prevalent through the whole region east of the Bowery between Houston Street and East Broadway. Hester Street and Ridge Street are practically given over to them for a large part of the time; so much so that these streets are of little use as thoroughfares, and are extremely difficult to keep in proper condition as to cleanliness and good order. If these dealers are to be allowed to carry on their business at all, it certainly should be under such restrictions as would prevent their congregating in special localities, and forbid their spending more than fifteen minutes on any block. They should be actively "itinerant." The ordinances prohibit their standing more than ten minutes in any one place, but these ordinances are rarely enforced, and when they are enforced the cart is moved only a few steps and stopped again.

As a problem allied to street-cleaning, I have necessarily given a good deal of attention to this subject. Furthermore, with some months of daily observation of the use which the children of this region make of the asphalted streets in pleasant weather, it seems to me that the play-ground facilities they seek there ought to be afforded to them under much better conditions.

I have therefore devised a scheme, which has been suggested to the Mayor, for establishing one or more of what might be called market play-grounds. The general arrangement is indicated in the accompanying illustrations. A whole block would be taken by the city, cleared of all its buildings, brought to a proper grade, and asphalted in one sheet from curb to curb. The space between the building-line and the curb would serve, as now, for a sidewalk. The space within the building-line would be covered, in alternate strips eleven feet wide, with sheds, supported by iron columns and covered with hammered glass. The intervening strip of eleven feet would not be covered. A portion of these sheds, perhaps one-quarter of the length at each end, would be furnished with counters and other fixtures for butchers, fish men, and other merchants who chose to display their wares in this manner. The rest of the shed would be simply a covered space, available for push-carts or for those who now sell their wares from the surface of the street. The space between the sheds (uncovered) would be used by these same hand dealers and by push carts as the streets are now used. The whole block would be thoroughly lighted with large incandescent lights, at frequent intervals along the edges of the sheds. The counters and other fixtures would be so arranged with balancing weights that when not in use they could be run up into the roof, where they would be out of the way.

The method of use would be this: The whole space would be open to the use of market-men of all sorts from very early morning until noon, at which hour they would all withdraw their goods and chattels; and they would not be allowed to use the streets in the afternoon. Their whole work must be done in the morning, when it may perfectly well be done. In fact, this is the usual practice in the countries from which our foreign population comes. At noon the street-sweepers would take possession of the ground, run the counters and fixtures up out of the way, and clean the whole area thoroughly. At one o'clock their work would be finished, and the space would be turned over to the children of the neighborhood for their uninterrupted enjoyment until bedtime.

It is not worth while to attempt to formulate details of the arrangement nor of the administration of the business. Such questions will be solved readily as they arise. All that is now desired is to set this simple statement of the case before the people, with such illustrations as will show precisely what is meant.

The financial question is, of course, an important one. One block on the East Side, which is taken for illustration, is assessed at $382,000. The probable cost under condemnation proceedings would be $840,400. The cost of conversion into a market play-ground, according to the plans shown, would be $80,000, making the total cost $920,400, or, in round numbers, $1,000,000. The gross rental to cover expenses for care, collections, etc., should be 6 per cent. on this, or $60,000.

The unit of space for dividing this area would be 5¼ feet by 7 feet, which is considerably more than is now occupied by push-carts in Hester Street and by their customers. It would afford for such purposes sufficient room for goods and for purchases.

This block, so arranged and divided, would furnish 288 stands, 7 feet long and 5½ feet wide, with counters, butchers' fixtures, fish-benches, etc., which, at 50 cents per day each, would produce an annual income of $52,560; 448 covered stands of the same size, without fixtures, at 25 cents per day each, would produce $44.530; 768 uncovered open spaces (outside of the sheds), 5½ feet by 7 feet, at 10 cents per day each, would produce $28,032; this would make a total rental of $125,122, which is over 12 per cent. of the total cost of $1,000,000.

This, of course, is a larger return than is required, but it is to be assumed that a great deal of the open space would probably remain unrented.

This arrangement would give a very much better opportunity for the sale and purchase of goods than the present haphazard system of padrone-owned push-carts; it would bring the whole business within proper police control; it would make it easier to keep the children and their games out of the public thoroughfares; it would give them a royal play-ground day and night, and in all weathers; and would, so far as I can judge, be in all respects advantageous.

Geo. E. Waring, Jun.

There it is, this market play-ground, indicated, formulated, defined in a strictly proper official manner, as devised by its inventor and projector, Colonel G. E. Waring, Jun.; and it is even remarkable, when you think how from Colonel Waring's pondering over garbage, ashes, torn paper, and the waste of this great city of New York, there should have budded and bloomed such a pleasing idea—an idea which is not to be looked upon at all on its sentimental side. It is a plan which will relieve a congested quarter, aid in the cleansing of it, give additional facilities to the necessary distribution of food, allow a better opportunity of supervising the character of the aliments sold, and at the same time give the children a chance for life.

Those who cast a passing glance at the push-carts in certain New York thoroughfares, as Fulton or Ann Street, have not the least comprehension of the magnitude of this business, nor of its special character. You might say that the venders of cheap books, perfumery, playing-cards, games, toys, pencils, eye-glasses or spectacles, of pipes, scissors, suspenders, or stationery, rather represented the elegances of the perambulating business. These are the caterers of the superfluities. Fancy a push-cart with fish for sale on Ann Street! In such a locality perch, carp, smelt, would spoil before a single buyer could be found.

In the poor quarters of New York the push-cart is a necessity. If purses are not well filled, neither is time plenty. People live there from hand to mouth, and they pay as they eat. If there are three meals a day—and the "if" is to be understood with its sad uncertainties—the breakfast, the dinner, the supper, are provided for on the spur of the moment; and that spur is of the sharpest, because it is hunger, while the means of satisfying that craving for food are not always attainable.

A half-hour in Hester or Ridge Street will show you the variety of the business. In the push-carts as they were noted this week, on a cold, blustery day, there were venders of cabbage, sweet-potatoes, bird-cages, pease, figs, crockery, onions, caps, candles, oranges, trousers, carrots, window-shades, apples, hosiery, lemons, comforters, garlic, shirt collars, hardware, fur trimmings, dates, shoes, Irish potatoes, grapes, fish, chocolate, and bread.

According to the statistics, there are 5000 licenses granted for push-cart venders in New York. It is perhaps difficult to designate with precision the character of the wares all these people sell. Those who have made it a study believe that one-half of the push-carts carry on during the summer months fruit selling alone. The other 2500 dispose of what are to be designated as the necessities of life, and the major part of these venders find on the East Side of New York their market.

Some one wrote long ago how in certain blocks in New York, as on the Bowery, a man might pass his days and never have to move beyond it, for within a few hundred feet of where he lived everything he might want, without a single exception, could be found, from the doctor to the undertaker. Life might be ushered in, or the portals of death closed, with a minimum amount of trouble.

Life in Hester, Ridge, and many other streets follows then the strictest utilitarianism. It is the street which is the modern department store. If you lived there, you might sit on your doorstep and bid the passing panorama stop, and then could you cater to your wants, always providing you had as much as fifteen cents in your pocket.

Conceive, then, a quarter entirely cleaned out of its ugly houses, and an additional lung or pair of lungs put there, a big open market-place covering a whole square, and a mart held there, with sufficient cover, so as to allow shelter to the sellers and buyers; for is there not a word to be said for both of the parties? It is as cruel in bad weather for the poor mothers who buy to stand in the slushy streets making their little purchases as it is hard for the push-cart people. Certainly there would be an increase of comfort. If we build spacious markets for the privileged ones, it is but justice that the poorer population should have some meagre advantages. The purveyors of canvas-back ducks, English pheasants, or venison are well cared for, as are the customers for such luxuries. Why should, then, the buyer of a potato or an onion be pushed into the streets?

Unquestionably the better surroundings, such as the proposed market will afford, must improve the quality of these perishable goods, which exposure to the weather deteriorates.

How can such streets as are found on the East Side be cleansed if they are thronged from early morn to night with these peripatetic venders? If, then, this quarter of New York, which Colonel Waring has already made so very much neater and wholesome, is to be a model quarter, no other method seems possible than the one he now makes public.

It is not at all the sentimental aspect of this business which is to be considered, but the plain matter-of-fact side of it, just as the artist, Mr. Rogers, has drawn it. All the sketches are utilitarian, and the lower picture quite as rational in its conception as are the two upper ones.

The market has been held and the place has been cleared. The buying, the selling, the dickering, the chaffering, are over. The push-carts that thronged the market have disappeared. The sweepers are promptly on hand. The asphalt of the place is thoroughly flooded. The last scraps of banana peel, shreds of onion, or paper have been shovelled off into the carts. The place is sweet and tidy. It is a transformation, a theatrical change.

The children from blocks around have been waiting at the limits of the enclosure, a lot of unwashed "Peris," if you please, "at the gates of Eden." Now has come their chance. Here is room for dancing, running, jumping, for romps and games. Here will be the scorchers on toy bicycles, and there will be graces displayed by the boy who is the fortunate possessor of one roller-skate and who lives in hopes of finding another. Then the carriage and four, the soap-box on wheels, will tear around the corners, and the little girls will play hide-and-seek and prattle sweetly to their poor ragged dollies. That is the absolute conclusion you must arrive at if you study the future of what will have to be called "The Waring Market Play-grounds," and it is not going too fast to intimate that if one of these play-grounds does not suffice there will have to be more than one.

Barnet Phillips.

SO MUCH TO LEARN.

So much to learn! Old Nature's ways
Of glee and gloom with rapt amaze
To study, probe, and paint,—brown earth,
Salt sea, blue heavens, their tilth and dearth,
Birds, grasses, trees,—the natural things
That throb or grope or poise on wings.

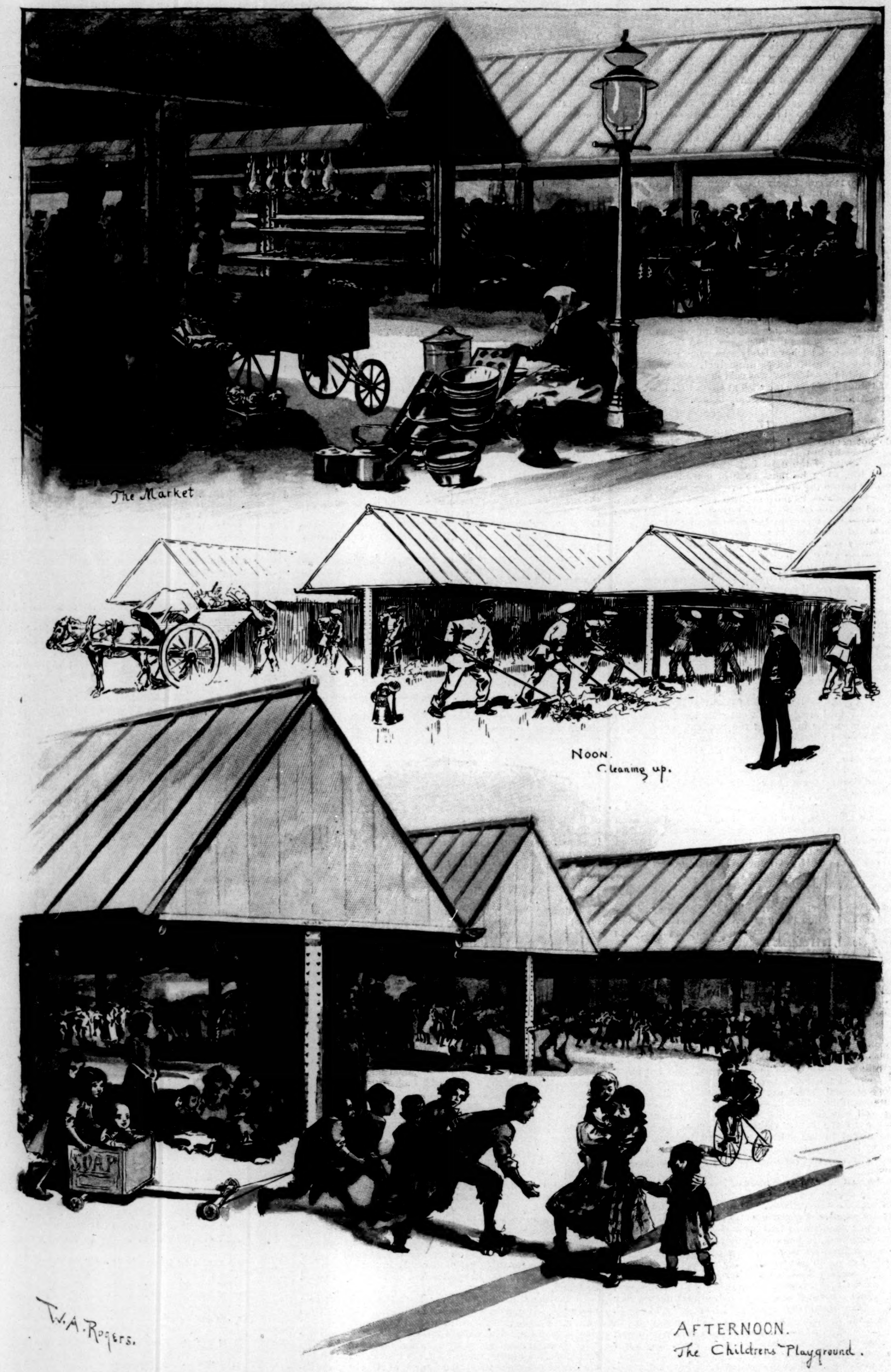
So much to learn about the world
Of men and women! We are hurled
Through interstellar space a while
Together, then the sob, the smile
Is silenced, and the solemn spheres
Whirl lonesomely along the years.

So much to learn from wisdom's store
Of early art and ancient lore.
So many stories treasured long
On temples, tombs, and columns strong.
The legend of old eld, so large
And eloquent from marge to marge.

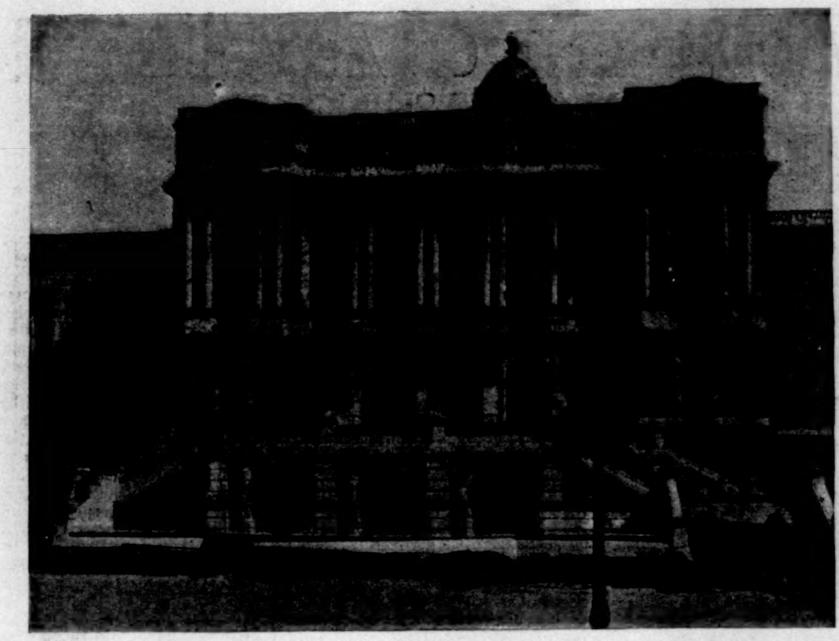
So much to learn about one's self:
The fickle soul, the nimble elf
That masks as me; the shifty will,
The sudden valor and the thrill;
The shattered shaft, the broken force
That seems supernal in its source.

And yet the days are brief: The sky
Shuts down before the waking eye
Has bid good-morrow to the sun;
The light drops low, and Life is done.
Good-by, good-night, the star-lamps burn;
So brief the time, so much to learn!

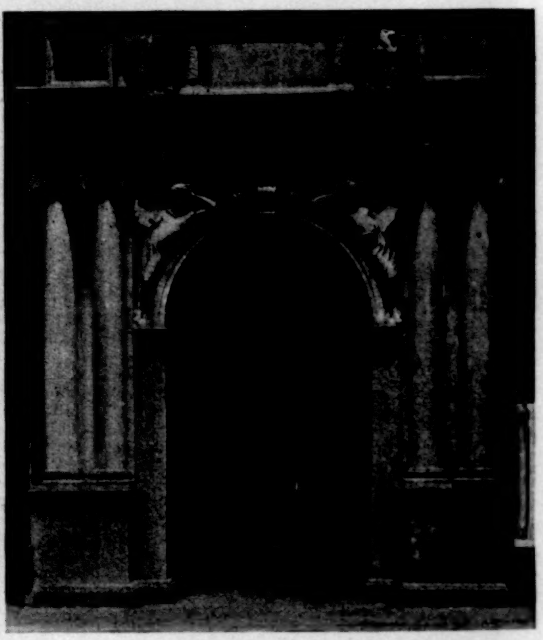
Richard Burton.


The Market
NOON.
Cleaning up.
SOAP
W.A. Rogers.
AFTERNOON.
The Childrens Playground.

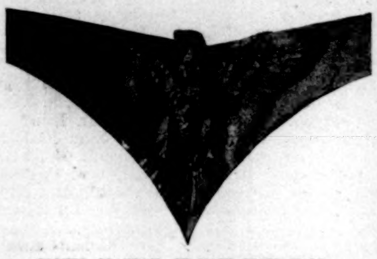
COLONEL WARING'S PROPOSED EAST-SIDE PUSH-CART PEDDLERS' MARKET AND CHILDREN'S PLAY-GROUND.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1237.]



VIEW OF CENTRAL PAVILION, WEST FRONT.



ENTRANCE TO READING-ROOM.—SPANDRIL FIGURES BY OLIN L. WARNER.



CORNER SPANDRIL OF MAIN STAIR HALL.

ARM OF EXEDRA IN THE GROUNDS.

VIEW IN MARBLE-CARVING SHOP.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY—VIEW FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—EDWARD P. CASEY, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 1240.]

A NATIONAL MONUMENT OF ART

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

WHEN the new Public Library of Boston was projected it was talked about in the newspapers a great deal, and people said, what was quite true, that the city of Boston was setting a unique example, that never before had a municipal undertaking been set in motion with so much sound sense, with so much of that public spirit which is the fine flowering of private enthusiam. As the noble building on Copley Square has travelled on towards completion, the standard it has erected has been more and more widely accepted as one invaluable to the nation and unrivalled as a matter of local pride. There is nothing now to be said in qualification of all this. The Boston Public Library will stand forever as the first and most splendid achievement of American art working under the conditions of our civic life. It will remain the most potent, the most unanswerable argument in favor of the employment of the best architects by the government, instead of the continuance in office of those official bunglers who have, in the name of the government, disfigured the United States from Maine to Texas with indescribable horrors of building-stone and brick. The distinguished architects who laid before Secretary Carlisle a plan for the redemption of government buildings from the baleful influences under which they have been erected these many years, could do nothing better than to submit to him as a further demonstration of their point a full history of the Boston edifice. But this, for many reasons, would not be practicable. And, moreover, as it will be the object of this paper to show, there is being evolved in the city of Washington itself a sufficiently convincing illustration of what should be done by the government when a building of importance (or the contrary) is to be erected.

An act of the Fiftieth Congress, passed in 1888, commanded General Thomas Lincoln Casey, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A., to provide plans for a new library building which would cost a trifle more than six million dollars. The work was not to pass through the usual channels devoted to our public-building enterprises. General Casey was to submit the plans to Congress direct, and was to report solely to that body as the building went on. He was given eight years in which to complete his task. There is now every prospect that he will turn the building over to Congress within the time stipulated and at the cost named. The design adopted was furnished by Messrs. Smithmeyer & Peltz. Work was begun on their plans, and later Mr. Paul J. Peltz became the sole architectural director, modifying the original façades and effecting changes both in side and out. Mr. Bernard R. Green was employed upon the building as superintendent and engineer. The work of construction proceeded from the spring of 1889 without cessation, and under the auspices of those persons who have been named. Considerable attention was attracted to the enterprise because it was one of the largest on record in the history of the nation, and because it was being carried on, as has been shown, along lines unlike those most familiar to the country. It was seen that an excellent building was going up, though marked by some of the undesirable elements of architectural style which belonged to the long-established régime. Messrs. Smithmeyer & Peltz had not devised a masterpiece. Mr. Paul Peltz individually, in spite of some improvements in the scheme, had not made it beautiful. Yet the Library was not to be a failure by any means; that much was plain. Then, in the fall of 1892, when the cornice-line had been reached, and when politics were awhirl with the going out of one administration and the coming in of another, the Library experienced a vital change. Mr. Edward P. Casey was appointed architect. He had had nothing to do with the blighting government offices. He had had the training of an architect practising on his own responsibility, studying in New York, then in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and going through the extended course of travel with which the best men of his profession are never content to dispense. He brought to the building of the Congressional Library exactly the element that was needed most, that of a cultured architect qualified to maintain as pure a style in public work as in the most inspiring of private structures.

The good result of Mr. Casey's employment upon this great public building has declared itself in many ways, but before touching upon them it must be noted that so far as the plan of the Library was concerned he found a most satisfactory basis for his own efforts. There, where there was less question of taste than of common-sense and ingenuity, his predecessors had laid down an admirable scheme. The façades needed the touches, here and there, whereby he has given them a refinement of detail and a hint of distinction in the *ensemble* which they conspicuously lacked. But he did not need to touch the plan. To be sure, he could not have done so had he wished. The building had been carried very far before he approached it. But even had this not been the case, he would have left the plan untouched, for it is a good plan—simple, well articulated, and dignified, as the plan of such a building ought to be. The architects had conceived the idea of a great quadrangular edifice, marked by pavilions at the four corners, and surmounted by a huge dome, which should be lifted above the centre of the inner court. By connecting this central feature, however, with a magnificent porticoed pavilion in the front, and another pavilion in the rear, the inner court was cut in half. Then running a great hall for the storing of books through the middle of each one of these two courts, the designers gave their plan greater variety, and at the same time more available space, lighted perfectly throughout. The plan was given variety, we say, and yet it remained, as is immediately obvious, a thoroughly simple scheme. The building is vast in scale, something like 470 feet long and 340 feet deep. With limitations so generously scaled as these, the arrangement of the various rooms and corridors was no difficult matter, and as they stand now they assure to Congress a Library commodious and convenient, a Library which it will really be a pleasure to use. Mr. Casey is raising that pleasure to a higher power. He adds to the virtues of the plan's broad outlines the beauty of artistic, thoroughly artistic, ornament. As the Library rears its monumental bulk above the broad boulevards of Capitol Hill, it promises in the observer's first survey a quality not merely monumental, but fine. The building has dignity in its masses, and the detail, which has been traversed by Mr. Casey and brought by him under subjection to a unit of style, reveals itself as far above the average of such work in the public buildings of America. The impression derived from the general effect—in short, an impression of stateliness and force—is corroborated by a minute scrutiny. The façades, that started ingloriously, and are even now far less original and beautiful than they might be, are nevertheless saved from themselves and rendered impressive by the excellence of the details, and the rebalancing of the lines where that has been possible.

Inside the walls Mr. Casey has had a richer opportunity, greater freedom, wider scope, and no taste to reckon with save his own. He has selected, as more or less the criterion of his decoration, the luxuriant and yet fastidious style of the Italian Renaissance. His floors he is covering with marble tiling and mosaic in elaborate arabesques. Marble carvings are scattered all through the building, wherever the architectural scheme requires them, and in mantel-pieces, the capitals of columns, the architraves of doorways, in everything that needs the emphasizing of form or surface by the introduction of some conventional or florid decoration, the modeller has been called upon, and the wood or marble has been wrought upon lines eloquent of plastic feeling and artistic invention. In this direction, just in the formal embellishment of his walls, in places where one has become accustomed to look (in government buildings) for vulgarity, or, at best, mediocrity, Mr. Casey has achieved a most creditable mass of work.

He took charge of the building as an architect in the fullest acceptation of that term, not as a decorator, and his decoration is in the best sense architectural. It has architectural restraint, architectural fitness, and though it is superbly rich when need be, as in the inner sheathing of the great central dome, it is always organic, and always fulfils the purpose which seems to have actuated the designer in every relation of his work—the purpose of setting forth a triumphant whole, the purpose of erecting a building which from foundation-line to cupola would proclaim a definite ideal of architectural effect. That ideal is at once splendid and austere, one which demands the expression of a nation's pride, and at the same time the demonstration of its power, its firmly founded strength. Facing the severely classic lines of the Capitol, it is true that this new library building wears an aspect less absolutely serene, speaks of a style less pure and less imposing. But here, as we have stated, Mr. Casey was handicapped by his forerunners. He did as much as he could, and that was a great deal, to repair past errors; and within the walls of the building he accomplished all that he set out to do. He gave vivacity to the vast interior spaces, vivacity and lightness, employing the subtle offices of moulding and flowing line with enthusiasm, but with tact. And he added to all this a service which will explain still further the importance attaching to his appointment. He has excited profound admiration for his thorough renovation, so to speak, of a government undertaking; for his individual modifications to a design already laid down; for his additions to that design, so that it is wellnigh transmogrified and remade. He has proved equally admirable as an organizer, as the author of a plan of decoration which will place the Library not merely on a level with the great mural treasuries of the modern world, but far higher in significance than most of them.

About two years ago, when he had been in charge of the work for a year, he was informed that he might carry out an architect's day-dream, an architect's vision of perfection, and put into execution such a scheme of pictorial and plastic decoration as he thought required by the situation. According to Mr. Casey's conception of what the Library should be like, the situation invited the coöperation of every capable sculptor and painter he could find in the United States. Without more ado he opened negotiations for the decoration of the building from basement to dome. It is in this direction, if in no other, that he has assured us in the Library what we have alluded to in our title—a national monument of art. It is in this direction that he has been privileged to arrange for a gathering of mural decorations more imposing in some ways than anything yet attempted in America. Our illustrations give a trifling hint of what is being done, of what will be done, in the Congressional Library. It would require much space to develop the subject in detail and set down in words the aims of each painter or sculptor involved in the work. The most that can be done in this place is to indicate the extent and character of the decorative magnificence with which the Library is to be invested. It begins with the very doors, great bronze panels for which Olin L. Warner and Frederick Macmonnies are modelling now the sculptural adornments. In these imposing portals the key-note of the entire edifice is struck. Mr. Warner provides not only two sets of bronze doors for the grand entrance, but models some spandrils for the entrance to the reading-room under the dome. Mr. Macmonnies contributes, in addition to the single set of doors erected beside Mr. Warner's, a figure of Shakespeare, which is to be set up in the reading-room to which allusion has just been made. This reading-room is patterned somewhat after that of the British Museum—that is, it occupies the great circular space beneath the dome. At intervals the gallery around this space is to be marked by statues of famous men. Mr. Macmonnies's Shakespeare has been mentioned. In the same series Mr. Charles H. Niehaus will have figures of Gibbon and Moses, and Mr. John Donoghue will have a figure of St. Paul. Mr. Donoghue also provides for the rotunda a statue symbolical of Science, sharing in a part of the enterprise which provides the Library with idealistic types as well as with portraits of historic writers. Mr. Bela L. Pratt, for instance, is to supply an image of Philosophy, and Mr. Augustus St.-Gaudens will be represented by a figure typifying Art. His brother, Mr. Louis St.-Gaudens, has been commissioned to make a bronze of Homer. Theodore Baur is given a more concrete subject in Beethoven, but has also to execute a figure of Religion. Mr. F. W. Rückstuhl will be responsible for a statue of Solon, Mr. Paul Bartlett for portraits of Columbus and Michael Angelo, and for a figure of Law. The statue of Newton has been assigned to Mr. D. E. Dallin, that of Chancellor Kent to Mr. George Bissell, that of Herodotus to Mr. Daniel C. French (who will also model an abstract figure of History), the figures of Plato and Bacon to Mr. John J. Boyle, the effigy of Robert Fulton to Mr. Edward C. Potter, the figure of Commerce to Mr. John Flanagan, and that of Poetry to Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. This long list does not dispose of all the sculptural decoration either. Mr. Philip Martiny has modelled figures for the rotunda and grand staircase hall, providing for the latter torch-bearers to stand on newel terminations, and conventional panels for the balustrade. Mr. Niehaus does not alone the figures of Gibbon and Moses for the rotunda, but two bass-reliefs for the special reading-room given up to Representatives. Mr. Pratt, after executing his figure of Philosophy, provides a set of four reliefs symbolizing the Seasons, for the corner pavilions, and he, too, is commissioned to fill the six spandrils over the grand portal. Mr. Herbert Adams, who is the sculptor of a portrait statue in the rotunda series, and of a Minerva in the main vestibule, also contributes three busts to the front façade and two bass-reliefs for the Senators' reading-room. Mr. Rückstuhl does three busts for the façade, in the same series with those by Mr. Adams, just mentioned, and Mr. J. Scott Hartley adds three more. A large bronze fountain, to be placed at the main approach, is provided by Mr. George Barnard, a picturesque clock of bronze and marble to be erected in the rotunda is modelled by Mr. Flanagan, and Mr. E. Hinton Perry supplies for the vaulted staircase hall four interesting bass-reliefs. For the rest—and there is much else in the shape of purely formal decoration to be accounted for—the chief of the modellers in the great shop supported by the Library during construction, Mr. Albert Weinert, is responsible. Is it not an extraordinary staff which has been called upon to beautify this building? And we have enumerated the sculptors alone. It will be seen that the most eminent sculptors of America have been included in the company. If there is one of importance omitted his name escapes us. By the time all the men recorded above have completed their productions for the Library it will have become a veritable museum of American sculpture. The best men of our time will be represented, and there is every reason to believe that they will be represented by their best work.

And now as to the painters. Mr. Casey began by putting a most competent man in charge of the fundamental decoration. Mr. Elmer E. Garnsey goes through the building from garret to cellar, and wherever body color is needed, or simple arabesque work, or painting of the sort which is usually left to journeymen, he supervises and directs operations. Then, high up in the collar of the great dome, Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield paints a series of frescoes illustrating the nations who have contributed conspicuously to the humanizing of the world. In the lantern of the dome he also provides a painting allegorical of Progress. Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, in the main staircase hall, is to have a design, executed in mosaic, portraying Minerva. Mr. Kenyon Cox in one corridor fills two lunettes with frescoes illustrative of the Arts and Sciences. To Mr. George W. Maynard, in the southwest pavilion, are given four lunettes, to be decorated with paintings of Adventure, Discovery, Colonization, and Civilization. In a second pavilion Mr. W. L. Dodge devotes four lunettes to allegories of Music, Art, Literature, and Science, and by him also, in the very uppermost portion of the dome, there will be a fresco of Ambition. In the special reading-room for the House of Representatives there will be two over-mantels decorated in mosaic, and these decorations have been designed by Mr. Frederick Dielman. His subjects are Law and History. Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce adorns certain important lunettes in the main pavilion with allegorical frescoes dedicated to The Family, Recreation, Work, and so on. In the vestibule to the rotunda there are lunettes for which frescoes are being made by Mr. Elihu Vedder. On one side he portrays Good Administration and Peace; on the other, Corruption and Anarchy; and between these a fresco illustrative of Government. Six lunettes in the east hall of the main pavilion are decorated by Mr. J. W. Alexander, his designs showing The Evolution of a Book. In another place Mr. Walter McEwen executes a series of paintings consecrated to The Heroes; To Mr. Edward E. Simmons is given space for a procession of The Muses; Mr. Carl Gutherz covers seven ceiling panels of the Representatives' special reading-room with a set of decorations showing "The Lights of Civilization," and Mr. Gari Melchers places elsewhere two frescoes given to Peace and War. Mr. H. O. Walker, in the south hall of the main pavilion, provides a fresco of Poetry. Here we pause. There are no more names to be recorded. There is nothing to be said at present in specific comment on the productions of any of the painters and sculptors concerned. But the mere statement of what they have been employed to do ought to give the reader some idea of what the Congressional Library will stand for when all its decorations are in place. It will stand for one of the wisest administrations of a public trust that we can point to in the annals of the century. It will stand as a national monument of art, as a work in which the services of our best painters and sculptors were enlisted through the enthusiasm and good judgment of an architect worthy of his commanding place. The other day, when the Municipal Art Society of New York presented to the city of New York, in one of its public buildings, an admirable work of mural decoration, every lover of that noble art felt in his breast a stirring of pride in things accomplished, a stirring of sympathy for things to come. The great work now going on at Washington provokes the same feelings and gives the same encouragement. The Congressional Library stands at the very centre of our national life. The example it sets cannot fail to be recognized from one boundary of the continent to the other. And as that example is recognized it will act as a leaven, helping communities to realize the value of artistic work in their public buildings, encouraging painters, sculptors, architects, and bringing those men into closer and closer relations with the civic and national progress. It is not too much to say that the Washington building marks an epoch in our history. Certainly it illustrates a tremendous stride. The old order changes. The new, as revealed to us in undertakings like this, like the Public Library in Boston, is one which is to be hailed with high rejoicing. It opens auspiciously as the century comes to a close, and it promises immeasurable progress. For when art takes hold of public buildings it enters into the very life-blood of the nation. It may not seem to do this on the surface. But let the reader close his eyes for a moment, and in place of the ugliness which meets the eye whenever it is turned toward a building designed and erected by these United States, let him see, if he can, a country possessing in every important city structures as edifying as that to which we have given our attention in this brief survey. Would the result seem very unlike the Millennium itself?

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

ASCENDING the granite staircase to the main entrance to the new Congressional Library, the visitor passes into the vestibule, seventy-two feet in height, finished in white Italian marble. It forms an appropriate entrance to the magnificent reading-room, octagonal in shape, which occupies the space beneath the gilded dome in the centre of the building. The dimensions of this reading-room are one hundred feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty-five feet in height. Abundant light is afforded by eight semicircular windows, each thirty-two feet wide. This room is expected to seat two hundred and fifty readers, each of whom will have a desk with four feet of space to work in, privacy being secured by light screens or curtains.

Adjoining the reading-room on either side is an immense book-repository, filled with iron cases, forming nine tiers or floors, extending to the roof, sixty-five feet above. Each row of shelves is but seven feet high, so that the uppermost volumes can be reached with ease, and the space between the tiers is three and a half feet, allowing ample room for the passage of attendants and the moving of books. The floors are all constructed of white marble. The shelves themselves—an invention of Mr. Bernard Green, the superintendent of the building—are made of bars of rolled steel, finished with a coating of magnetic oxide, which renders them perfectly smooth, and they can be quickly raised or lowered, to adjust them to the height needed to accommodate any volume, octavo, quarto, or folio. Two hundred large windows, each consisting of a single pane of solid plate glass, on each side pour a flood of light into every stack where the books are shelved, and every precaution to guard them against their natural foes, damp, dust, heat, and the exhalations of smoke and gas, has been used. The pumps, coal-vaults, and steam-boilers are in a separate building, eighty feet in the rear of the library, thereby avoiding the noise, heat, and dust, which could not have been wholly excluded had they been placed in the basement. Each book-stack has room for eight hundred thousand volumes. The remainder of the floor space in the first story is occupied by the Copyright Record Rooms, the librarian's office, newspapers and periodicals, committee-rooms, lecture-hall, and private reading-rooms to be used by members of Congress and special students. Here also will be arranged the extensive and valuable Smithsonian Scientific Library, and the Toner collection of books.

The basement will be utilized for a bookbindery, and have rooms for packing and unpacking books, for storage, for periodicals and pamphlets, and for unbound books.

Perhaps no better idea can be given of the contrast between the library of the present and the library of the future than the comparison of the methods of storing the valuable collection of newspapers and periodicals, aggregating about twenty thousand. The accumulation, daily increased by every mail, long since overflowed the precincts of the library proper—though suites of lofty rooms, opening from the second and third galleries surrounding the main hall, are piled from floor to ceiling with files of newspapers, some bound, some simply tied into packages—and after filling two brick-walled rooms built out to the first row of Doric columns, forty in number, which uphold the rotunda floor, and also wooden sheds constructed outside of them, at last found shelter in a subterranean region, reached by a dark staircase, and familiarly known as "The Crypt"—the correct term is undercroft—a set of low rooms, semicircular in form, because they surround the two halves of the vault constructed in the very centre of the basement of the Capitol to receive the remains of George Washington. Here, in dust and darkness, periodicals and papers, bound and unbound, are ranged in rows or lie heaped one above another, practically inaccessible to the public. In reply to a question concerning their future accommodation, Mr. Spofford informed me that they were to be placed just outside of the reading-room, lying flat on shelves arranged specially for them, as their weight, when upright, tended to break away the bindings in the necessary handling. Here, removed from the dusty vault below, they will be ready to be furnished to applicants at a moment's notice.

The works of graphic art, numbering many hundreds of thousands, acquired by the operation of the copyright law, will be placed in the glass-roofed art-gallery, whose dimensions are two hundred and seventeen by thirty-five feet. This art-gallery is in the second story of the building, and another hall on the same floor will contain the collection of maps, of which there are already fifteen thousand.

The library, when ready for occupancy, will have accommodation for about 1,800,000 volumes. If all the space on each floor still unused should be fitted up for the storage of books, the building would hold 4,500,000 volumes. If in the distant future more room should be needed, annexes sufficient to contain one or two million books could be built in the large courts, without the slightest disturbance of the uses or architectural symmetry of the existing structure. It is estimated that the provision for growth is ample for a century and a half. A vivid idea of the present capacity for storage was afforded me by Mr. Green's statement that the bookshelves which will be in the library when it is opened to the public would extend, if placed end to end, forty-three miles—the distance from Washington to Baltimore.

EUGENE FIELD.

BY FRANCIS WILSON.

HE was the children's poet-laureate—their king singer. No bard ever sang so sweetly and pathetically of them, and he must for all time remain the juvenile's Homer. He was not a mere literary lip servitor of the young people. All that he wrote he felt. It was a joyous and an odd sight to see Eugene Field on his knees, with his great lank figure and his great lank face, prattling baby-talk to his child! It made you laugh outright thus to see the quaint man, to hear the big deep bass voice, out of all consonance with the scene, calling "peek-a-boo" in tones that shook the rafters and made the child's eyes bulge with astonishment.

Yes, it made you laugh; but it also touched your heart. Field had the rare faculty of giving tender expression to just what one knew must be the child's thought and feeling. No one has ever surpassed him in this. His "Little Boy Blue," the poem of the toys—

> And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
>   In the dust of that little chair,
> What has become of our Little Boy Blue
>   Since he kissed them and put them there—

was the first of his work that drew much attention toward him, and by it he will likely be longest remembered.

His "Martha's Younkit" has been preferred by some, but for me these pretty lines, in imitation of the verse and manner of the poets of "elder days," surpass them all:

> Sometime there ben a lyttel boy
>   That wolde not renne and play,
> And helpless like that lyttel tyke
>   Ben allwais in the way.
> "Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
>   His weary moder cried;
> But with a frown he catcht her gown
>   And hong untill her side.
>
> * * * *
>
> And then a moder felt her heart
>   How that it ben to-torne,—
> She kissed eche day till she ben gray
>   The shoon he used to worn;
> No bairn let hold untill her gown,
>   Nor played upon the floore,—
> Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
>   Ben in the way no more!

Field knew how much I admired this poem, and though he yielded to every other request I made for "autographic lore," so much did he love to plague his friends that he would never make a copy of it for me; but instead, one day, April 5, 1893, in the "Poets' Corner" at McClurg's book-store in Chicago, where the bookish saints and sinners, Field's friends, met, he snatched up a piece of paper, and going off into his well-known serpentine attitude of composition, dashed off the following:

> As Eugene Field lay dying
>   The death all good men die,
> Came Francis Wilson flying
>   As only he can fly.
>
> "My friend, before you peter
>   And seek the shining shore,
> Write me, in common meter,
>   Some autographic lore!"
>
> Then Eugene Field smiled sadly,
>   And his face grew wan and dim,
> But he wrote the verses gladly
>   His friend required of him.
>
> And having done this duty,
>   From out this home of clay
> That soul of spotless beauty
>   To Canaan soared away.

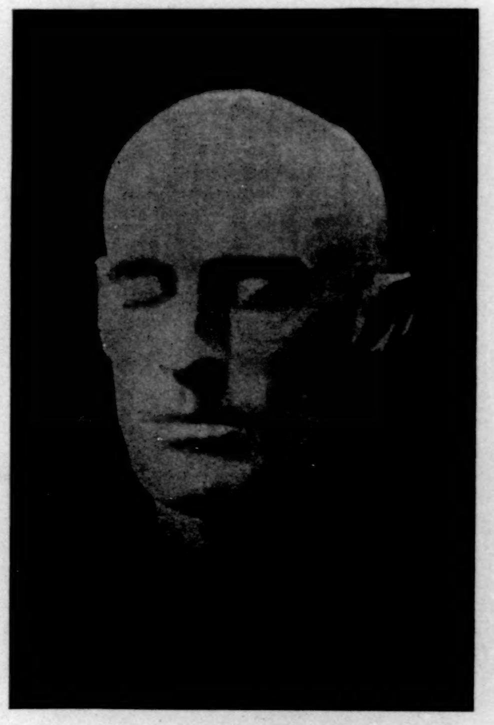
Though he took care I should possess the Number One copy of all that he wrote, he did everything in his power to prevent my compassing an issue of the so-called *Denver Tribune Primer*, the first of his books. Not because he thought it unworthy of himself, or of me either for that matter, but because his love of mischief was so strong.

He would send me printed accounts of men who had the book for sale, *with the address and price cut out.* When I would meet him and beg for further information, he would regret that the book had been bought by such and such a friend, and he had, of course, intended to write me, but had really forgotten it. These are only slight examples of the boyish pranks the man would play. Somehow the sunniness of his nature shone through everything he said or did; but when he wanted most to be serious I could not but laugh the loudest. To me there was always something suspicious in the man's face when it wore its most solemn aspect. His family were mostly boys, and Field was the biggest of the lot! He was a most indulgent father. I have known him to reprove his son for the use of some colloquial phrase, and then go and write it down for use, probably in some such poem as "The Conversazzhyony," or "Professor Vere de Blaw." The boys took a fancy to a goat for a plaything, and a goat they had. The odor of the animal palling on them, they aimed to palliate it by taking it up stairs to their mother's room and sousing it with her best cologne. The first dash of the cologne stung the beast, and it sprang through the second-story window, taking the sash along, and disappeared, unhurt, but never to return.

One of my first reminiscences of Field was his taking me down the cellar to hear his burro talk. Field pitched his voice into a weird key, and the burro brayed back like mad. The donkey afterwards strayed away, and Field offered some books for its return. One of the neighboring boys won the reward.

Field knew all the children of his neighborhood. They used to go riding with him and his boys in the donkey-cart. On the day of his burial the scholars of the schools near his home were told the story of his life, and a number of his poems were read to them and by them.

If dinner at home were not to his taste, he would make the rounds of the vicinity until he found the repast he desired, and then sit himself down at table. And never was mortal more welcome.



EUGENE FIELD.
From a Death Mask by G. Trentanove.

After his last European trip I asked him the difference between literary people in Great Britain and America. "Well," he said, "over there they all begin their careers with pretty thorough Greek and Latin educations." His reply to Mrs. Humphry Ward when she asked him to tell of the manners and characteristics of his people—that when he himself was first found he was up a tree—has been often quoted.

Field was a great collector of *freaks.* Anything that was unusual in spoons, stools, bells, ropes, knockers, hats, watches, music, or what not, he would purchase. All the things he bought, whether books or curiosities, he called "plunder." The book-shops of Chicago always set aside anything extraordinary for his inspection. Books on gastronomy, the miseries of life, the science of drunkenness, counterblasts to tobacco, and so forth—to which he gave the special name of "fool" books—greatly interested him and awaited his perusal or purchase.

Next to children, Field best loved books. A collector himself, he had rare sympathy with the whole tribe, from the lowest form of the "critter," the extra-illustrator, to the other extreme, the man who loves a book simply for its external beauty. Either extreme was too expensive a luxury for Field, and he came to merit, in a measure, the contemptuous remark of a bookseller, that he did not know much about books—*except, perhaps, their insides.*

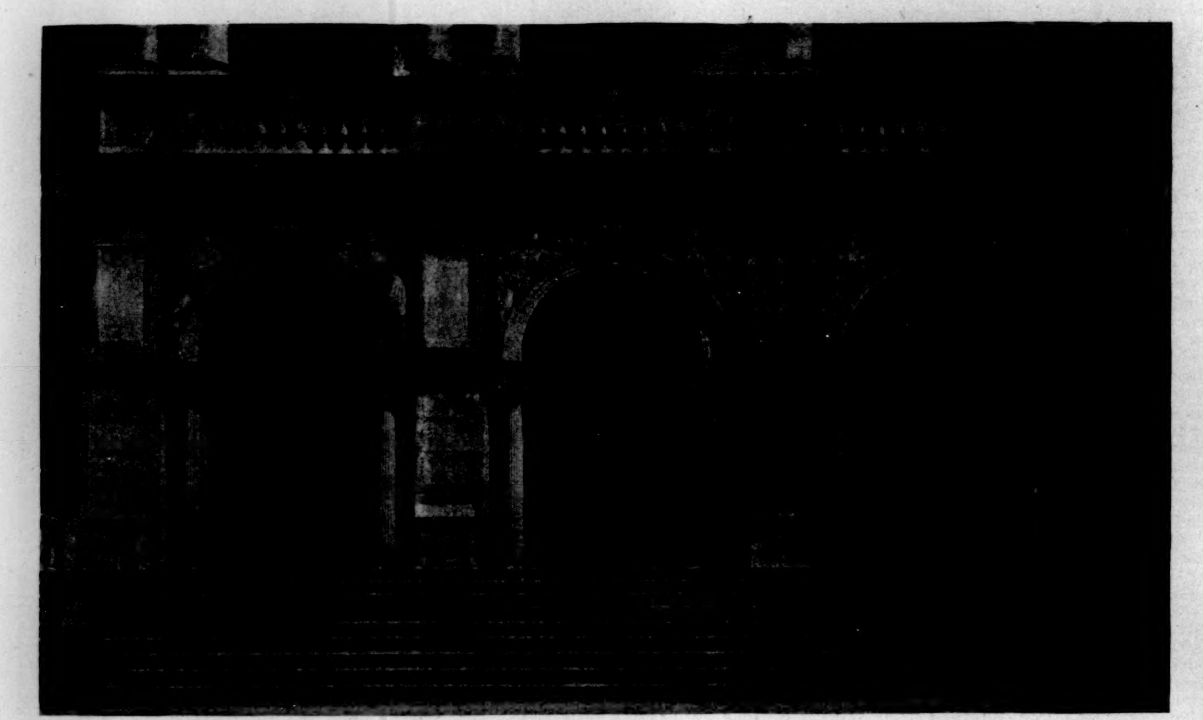
In Field the children gained a tender, valiant champion. He was the Bard of Babydom who never tired of singing their praises and sorrows; but in him, also, the bibliomaniac gained an apostle of the apostles. Many of the things he has written on the subject of the love of books are as fine as any in the language.

The poem which follows comes nearer expressing the hopes, fears, and desires of the bibliophile than anything written by John Hill Burton. I would rather, than be President, have written

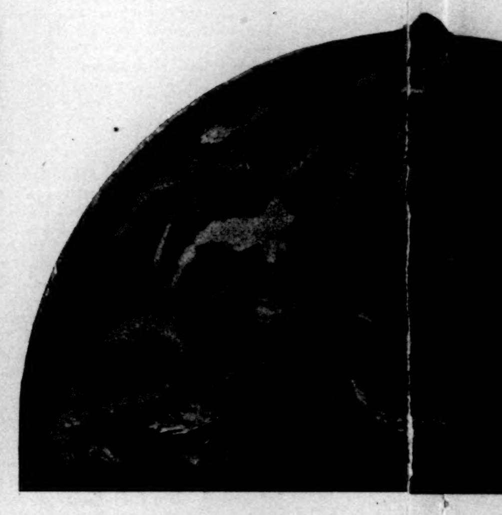
THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER.

> Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way
>   That I may truths eternal seek;
> I need protecting care to-day—
>   My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
> So banish from my erring heart
>   All baleful appetites and hints
> Of Satan's fascinating arts,
>   Of first editions and of prints.
> Direct me in some godly walk
>   Which leads away from bookish strife,
> That I with pious deed and talk
>   May extra-illustrate my life.
>
> But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
>   To keep me in temptation's way,
> I humbly ask that I may be
>   Most notably beset to-day;
> Let my temptation be a book,
>   Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
> Whereon, when other men shall look,
>   They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
> O let it such a volume be
>   As in rare copperplates abounds,
> Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
>   Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

The last person in the world, usually, to relish being joked is the joker, but I always found Field remarkabl

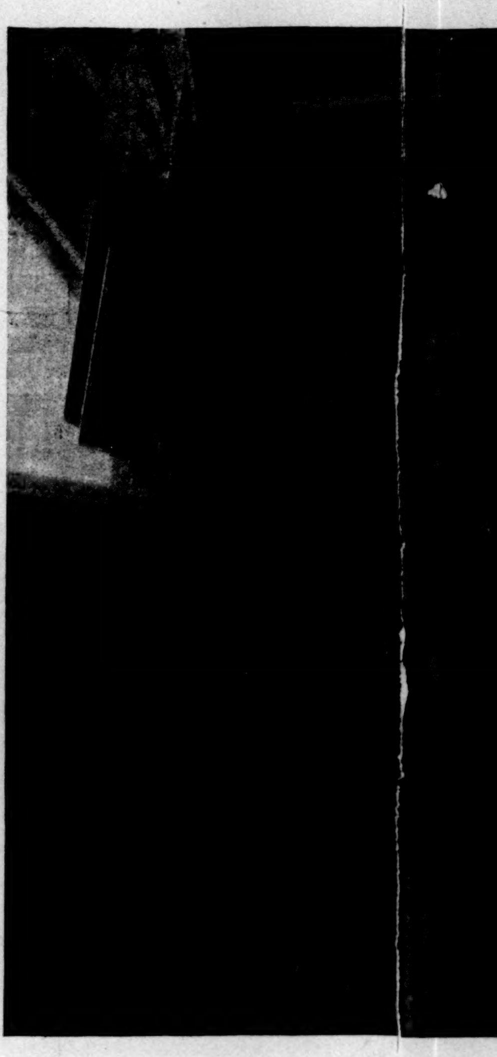


MAIN ENTRANCE—SPANDRIL FIGURES—LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.—By Bela L. Pratt.



OAK CARVING OVER DOOR IN SENATE READ

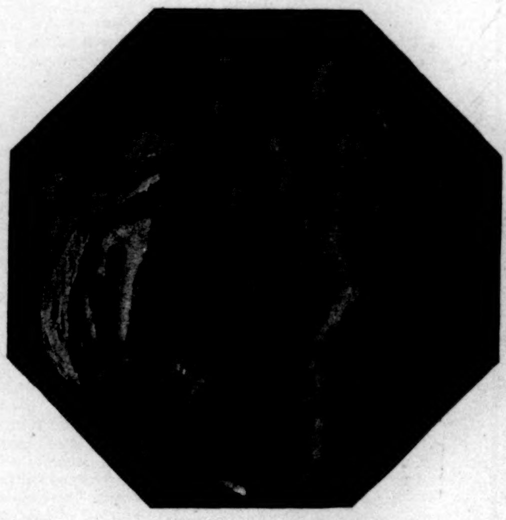
FIGURES ON UPPER ENTABLATURE OF CENTRAL READING-ROOM.—By Philip Martiny.



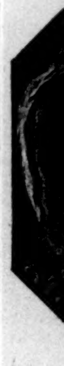
CAPITALS AND LOWER ENTABLATURE OF C

RELIEF IN PENDENTIVES OF CORNER PAVILION,
SECOND STORY—THE SEASONS—AUTUMN.
By Bela L. Pratt.

GREEK SIBYL.

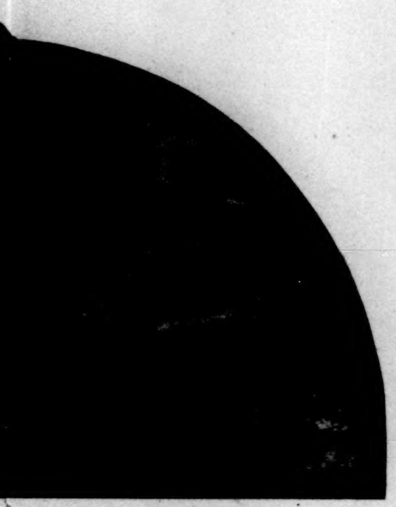


ROMAN SIBYL.

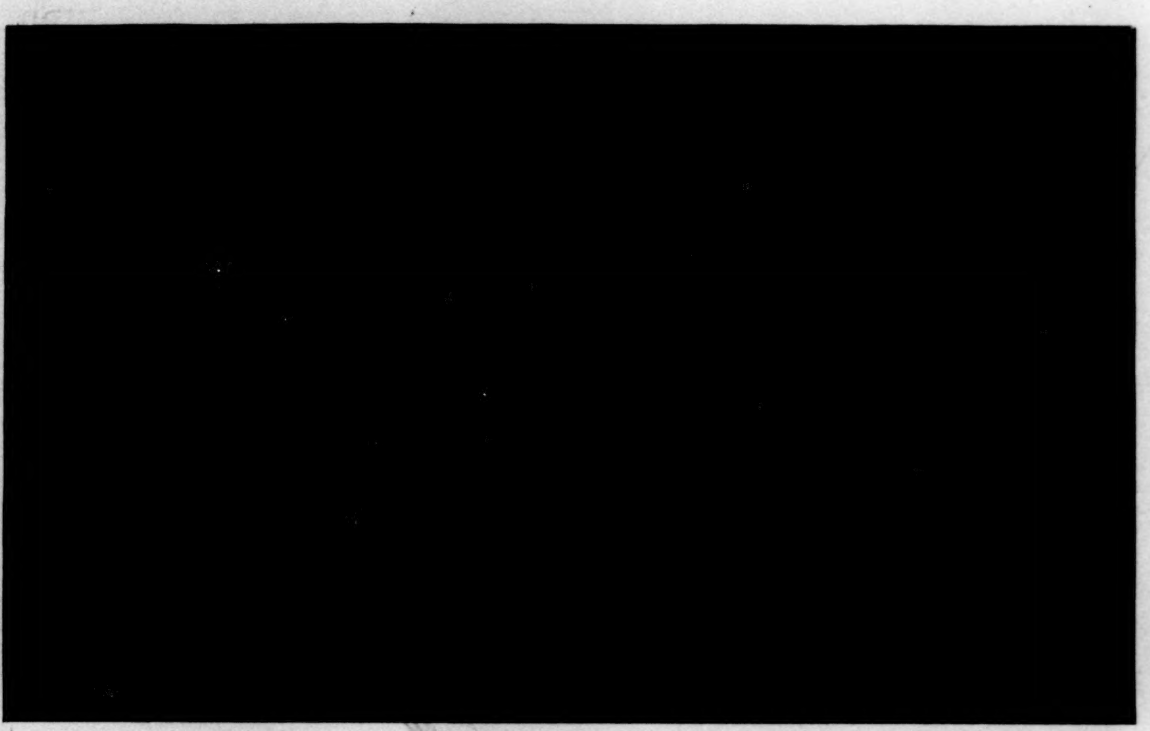


SCULPTURES IN COFFRE OF VAULT OF MAIN

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—Edward

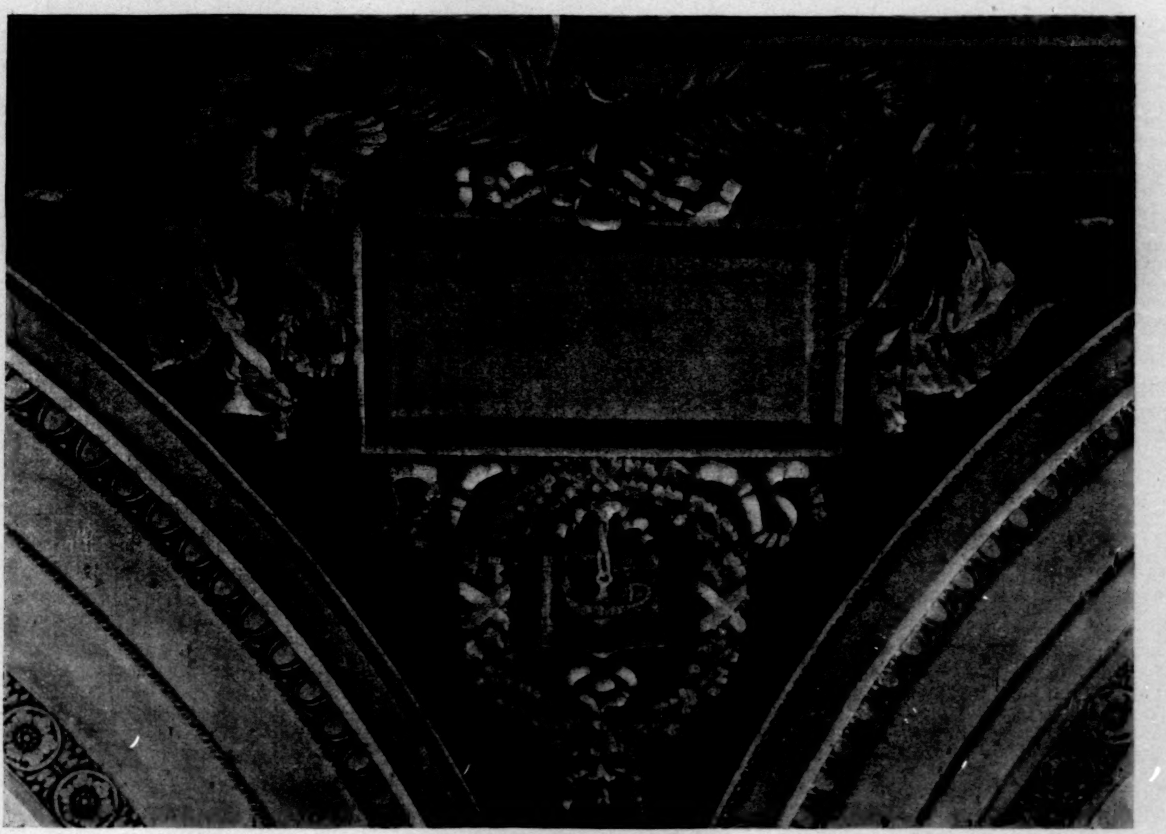


E READING-ROOM.—By Herbert Adams.

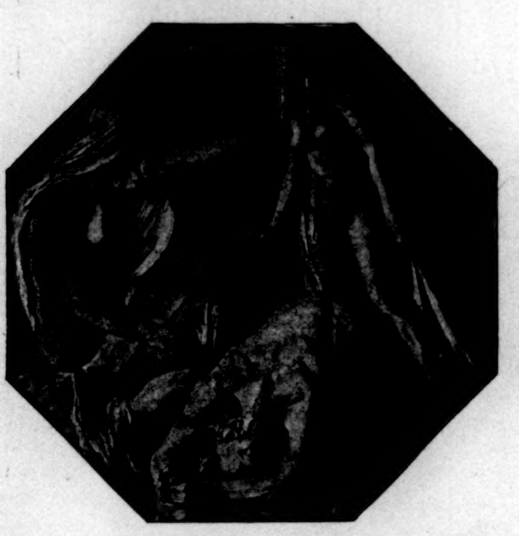


PORTION OF DOME OF CENTRAL READING-ROOM, AFTER DETAIL DRAWINGS OF ARCHITECT.—Modelled by Weinert.

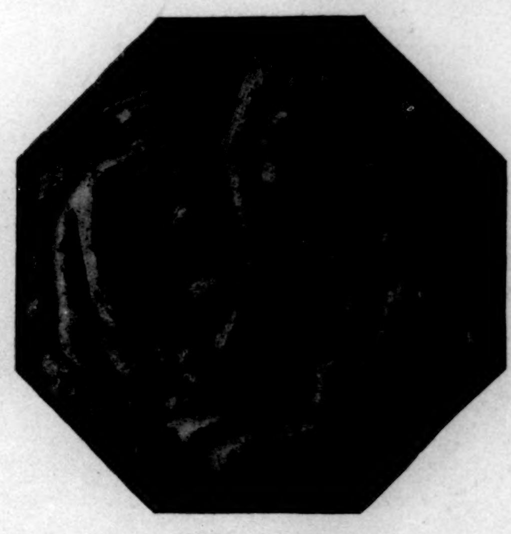
E OF CENTRAL READING-ROOM.



ORNAMENT ON PENDENTIVES OF DOME OF CENTRAL READING-ROOM.—Figures by Philip Martiny.

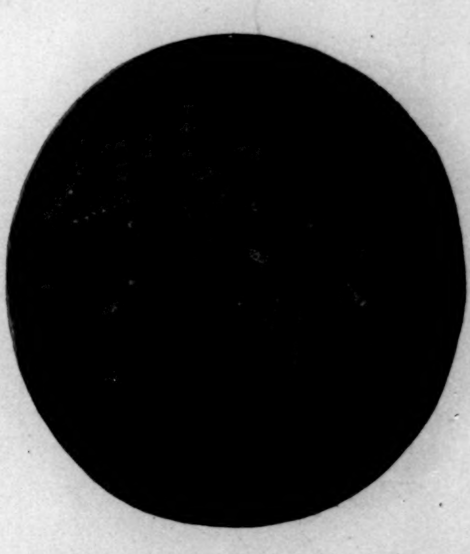


EASTERN SIBYL.



NORTHERN SIBYL.

MAIN STAIR HALL.—By R. H. Perry.



RELIEF IN PENDENTIVES OF CORNER PAVILION,
SECOND STORY—THE SEASONS—WINTER.
By Bela L. Pratt.

ward P. Casey, Architect.—[See Page 1240.]

good-natured under such circumstances. He sent me the biography of Joseph Jefferson, together with a print. His letter requesting me to have the veteran comedian autograph the one and write in the other was late in arriving. I sent him a cordial note of thanks for the book and picture, which, I said, added greatly to my collection, and then I received the following characteristic reply:

> "Good God, my child, do you think I am a millionaire? That book is not for you; neither is the portrait. You get them autographed and embellished, and pack them back to me as quick as you know how. The thought of this narrow escape makes me sweat blood like a behemoth!"

Shortly after, at New Rochelle, I had the pleasure of making Mr. Jefferson acquainted with Field's work by reading some of it to him; and when I told Field that Mr. Jefferson had paid "The Little Boy Blue" the tribute of tears, he was much affected. He delighted in surprises. I could never get him to name a time for a visit. One Sunday, not so long since, with the house full of guests, he walked into our midst, followed by his daughter "Trotty," his brother "Rose," and three other friends—ten minutes before dinner-time! With any one else this would have been a serious breach. With Field it was a joy! Then, too, the generous proportions of the American domestic bird that day at once brought a sigh of relief to the head of the household. What a day of delight it was! Then, more than ever, was Field a boy! In one of the upper rooms an old quilted blue and white bedspread caught his view, and seizing it in the centre, declaring it had no business there, he stuffed as much of it as he could get into his capacious coat pocket, and marched down into the drawing-room with the ends dragging behind!

He went to Europe in 1889, not avowedly for his health, but very likely for little else. I have letters from him from Carlsbad. He told me he intended to bring back the axe with which Gladstone had cut down so many trees. He not only brought back the axe, but also a postal card from the great Prime Minister verifying the "chopper," and certifying that he had given it to Field. His letters to Gladstone on the axe question would make interesting reading. He took great pride in his penmanship, and great care not only in the composition but in the actual manual work of his letters. In jest I have seen him not only pen but direct notes written with the aid of a magnifying glass. To his intimates he would send illustrated missives daintily colored with various inks, and oftentimes silvered and gilt. His chirography more closely resembled Thackeray than that of any I can recall, being possibly more beautiful; and like Thackeray, too, he was given to drawing quaint and purposely crude faces and figures in his letters.

I do not think he disliked to be photographed, though he once told me he was old enough not to have any more taken.

None of the likenesses I have seen of him is perfect, though all have something of Field in them. The best I know is perhaps that which he had taken with the writer in imitation of Raphael's "Cherubs." His friends were composed mainly of clergymen, doctors, and actors. His acquaintances were legion.

KOREA AND HER BOSSES.

Korea is dying from excess of government—at the capital. She had a queen, a king, a court, a locust army of nobles, and grasshopper clouds of hangers-on. Above all, she had a Tycoon. In exact phrase he was and is Tai Wen Kun, Great Palace Prince, or King's Father. All these, except the murdered, defenestrated, and cremated Queen, are still in evidence. Escaping assassination by her own subjects, but always reappearing smiling and busy, she has this time fallen before the swords of Japanese *soshi*. As for Tai Wen Kun, despite murder plots against him, kidnapping and exile in China, gunpowder explosions under his house, and all dangers, Chinese, Japanese, French, and Russian, he, the septuagenarian, thrives, and is fat and rosy.

Though China bullied, Japan protected, Russia dictated, France and Germany had their say, and England took a hand at reform in her usual way of seizing territory, Korea is not at peace. For thirty years the story of her government is one of structural weakness, collision, mutiny, explosion, bloodshed, and all the miseries which ships of state are heir to. Is it a case of too many "cooks," or captains? "With surplus of commanders the boat runs aground," says the proverb. The real trouble is that there has been too much of a woman in the case, besides a boss whose achievements overwhelm the American product in total darkness. The boss and the woman, or the two bosses of differing gender, belong also to opposite parties. That's what's the matter with Seoul.

We Western folk wonder why the picturesque barbarians in Korea do not reform easily, like the Japanese. Count Inouyé, perhaps Japan's ablest constructive statesman, has been lent by the Mikado for a year past, and Japanese money by the millions has been loaned to carry out honestly attempted reforms. Hercules has been busy every hour. Result: The Oriental Augea reeks still. The insatiable host of feeders at the public crib continue to consume and to foul their stalls. Cynical critics say that despite paper proclamations the net result of Count Inouyé's mission and Japan's mighty scheme of reform is a change from white clothing to black, long pipes to short, an empty treasury, more plots, and the most disgraceful of all *coup-d'états*, in which Japanese ruffians were actually aided and abetted by high legation officials. There is one boss less—the Queen. The King's native stock of "the old Adam" has been re-enforced by Tai Wen Kun, and he has divorced and degraded the Queen; but whether, in point of time, as a corpse or a woman, is not absolutely known. The *émeute* of October 8th took place while Count Inouyé was absent in Tokyo.

Why does not Korea reform, as did Japan? Part of the answer is easy to frame. Korea has not had, as did her neighbor, *two hundred years'* slow, steady, and sure leavening of European ideas and civilization through the Dutch, with annual ships, fresh books, new science. Korea has not, as Japan had, a large and powerful body of intellectual and military men—soldier and scholar in one—who made public opinion. It was the Japanese *samurai* who swung Japan out of the Chinese and into the Christian world. These lived not congested in the capital, but all over the empire.

Korea is still, as of yore, the most Confucian of all countries. In China, Confucianism means national history, ethics, and philosophy. In Japan, until modern ideas left it an empty shell, the system served but as a seed-bed of loyalty. In Korea alone Confucianism means politics, or the art of getting a living out of the public treasury. Any other conception of politics is not Korean. While Old Korea, now moribund, lasts, the ablest Confucian will hold the reins.

Who is he? The King's father—the Tai Wen Kun. His public career began in 1864. Then, the royal line founded in 1392 ending by the death of King Chul Chong, three widows of as many kings reigning from 1831 were on hand. Long were the palace debates as to the heir. Queen Cho, eldest of the three, held the balance of power. She sent the Methuselah of Korea—a dotard, who had served during six reigns—to summon the new King. This person was a lad of twelve, of far-off royal blood, but then working for daily rice with his father at making mats and tilling the soil. The boy was set upon the throne, a puppet. The father became Tai Wen Kun, Great Palace Prince. Queen Cho expected to rule the kingdom from behind the curtain.

This she might have done had the world, like Chō-sen, kept asleep. But when in the epochal year of 1866 Americans, French, Germans, Englishmen, and Russians seemed, from a Seoul point of view, in league to sap Korea's walls of isolation, Tai Wen Kun took the helm—and the treasury. He summoned his relatives and dependents on deck, and drove off the invaders, robbers, grave-riflers, trade-seekers, and treaty-makers—all equally enemies of Korea in his eyes. By his orders "no quarter" was given to the *General Sherman's* crew. At his command, the corpses of ten thousand Christians were piled heaps upon heaps and nine French missionaries beheaded. When, later, Admiral Roze, with his French ships and marines, and fighting John Rodgers with his bluejackets, came, saw, chastised, and departed, all Korea believed that their great "tiger," the King's father, had "driven off the barbarians." From the outside point of view, this pitiless persecutor should be classified with Attila and Genghis Khan. From the interior, Tai Wen Kun is a stalwart patriot, and the key to his whole policy is "Korea for the Koreans, and especially for me."

In the peninsula politics there are no people (except as tax-payers), but only nobles. Parties are divided much after the category of the unmusical man who knew only two tunes—one was "Yankee Doodle"; the other wasn't. In Korea there are the Mins, and there are others. Since 1873 the feud and the fight for spoils between the Lis headed by Tai Wen Kun, and the Mins led by the Queen, have kept the teapot kingdom in a tempest. In 1882 it was the old man that incited the riots in which the Japanese legation was burned and they were driven out of Seoul. Many of the Mins were killed, though the Queen, the centre of the target, was missed, another woman, resembling her, being slaughtered in the palace by the hired assassins. Li Hung Chang and the Chinese kidnapped Tai Wen Kun, and gave him a two years' holiday in China.

Resuming her rôle with full powers, the pro-Chinese Mins so increased in vigor that the pro-Japanese reformers, who had seen the world, felt it was necessary, in 1882, that "about ten of the Mins must be killed." On time-honored lines of procedure truly Korean, the Liberals seized the palace, beheaded the Min ministers, assassinated Min leaders, and embroiled the Japanese and Chinese in battle. The Li-Ito treaty removed the alien troops, but restored with honors the healthy and rosy old politician Tai Wen Kun in Seoul.

Then began mining and countermining that remind us of both Petersburg and St. Petersburg, of craters and palaces; only the sappers and exploders were not Schuylkill soldiers of the Union army, nor Nihilists, but merely the King's relatives—his wife on his left, and his father on his right hand. In vain was gunpowder exploded under the old man's house. He bobbed up, but refused to be blown up. As for the Queen, Chinese aid protected her as with an armor belt. Rumors were chronic. The United States and other marines learned to know every stone on the road in their many journeys between Chemulpo and Seoul. Then followed the Chino-Japanese war. Next, Inouyé's heroic attempt to make the lion and the tigress draw the car of reform. Even Japan's best statesman, however, could not equal Hagenbeck. Then followed attempts to utilize the lion alone while paring the claws of the tigress, to eliminate the female and family element out of politics, to decimate the hordes of "falcons and dogs, tigers and wolves," who fatten on the body-politic. All seemed at peace. The United States marines, after eleven months' stay in Seoul, re-embarked on their ships.

In point of fact, the tigress regained her power. Instead of the reduced basis of six hundred palace attendants, she made the number two thousand, restored the Mins to office, and defied the cabinet. In her recklessness she was driving the country back into *ante-bellum* days.

This time Tai Wen Kun, in his effective counterplot, utilized a new element—the *soshi*. These disreputable Japanese desperadoes joined the old Tycoon. Even the accredited envoys of Japan first connived at and then abetted the work. The palace was forced, the Queen slain, and her body burned. The King was coerced by the old man into a policy of vigorous action. In a word, the egg of reform was thrown into the fire to hasten its hatching. Let not the world laugh too loud,—we have now the "Empire" of Korea and a new "Emperor."

The truth quickly known in Japan, the feeling of profound national disgrace, humiliation, and indignation was unanimous. The Mikado's minister Miura and forty officials were recalled and dismissed. All parties call for the condign punishment of all Japanese interfering in Korean party politics. Count Inouyé was sent back. In the black mire of Seoul politics the white lotus in Japanese statesmanship again blooms.

What will the Mikado's government do? Its policy has been sincerely that of protection only, with no intermeddling in Korean domestic politics. Critics of Premier Ito and the Tokyo government, however, say that Japan's weakness and irresolution have made the bossism of the Queen and the Tai Wen Kun possible. They call for a stalwart forward movement.

Must Japan, then, face the logic of facts, imitate Great Britain, annex Korea, and fight Russia? Or is Korea's darkest night the hour before dawn? One thing is certain. Old Korea must soon die. Even Tai Wen Kun cannot live forever. The Korean "Empire" *may* reform, but where is her vitality? William Elliot Griffis.

THE VIRGIN AND THE STAR.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of California the miracle which took place on the day before Christmas in St. Jerome's Church in San Francisco is still the subject of query and comment.

It was through this remarkable manifestation that the well-known conversion of Jimmie O'Niel was accomplished. Jimmie O'Niel, owner of the Los Pinos Rancho, that great property which at one time was so vast in extent that its original owners could ride from San Luis Obispo to the Mission Dolores on their own land, was one of the most notorious scamps and sceptics in his section of the country. He annually came up to San Francisco for a Christmas carouse, and it was upon one of these visits that, dropping into St. Jerome's Church to see a window raised by a friend in memory of his deceased wife, he there beheld the vision which sent him back to the Los Pinos Rancho a changed man.

It was late in the afternoon when he entered the church. The heavy dusk of a leaden day could not struggle through the stained glass and throw its feeble light into the wide dark body of the edifice. The yellow points of many candle flames, the flecks of light motionless in the holy lamps, shone like tiny tears of gold in the solemn dimness. In front of the Virgin's altar, an alcove to the right of the central altar, the darkness was even more pronounced. And here Jimmie O'Niel, standing staring in the flame-flecked twilight, saw upon the breast of the Virgin, gleaming with an unearthly lustre, a star. It showed no fastening, and lay over the heart of the divine image, radiating beams of white fire.

Jimmie O'Niel described it as sparkling through the dusk with the radiance of no jewel ever found on land or sea. He stated afterward that he thought he had stood looking at it for nearly a quarter of an hour. So powerfully did it affect him that in the evening he returned, only to find it gone. Many people who had visited the church that afternoon were questioned, but had not seen it. The time at which O'Niel had been there was an hour midway between afternoon and evening, when there were but few worshippers in the sacred edifice.

People would undoubtedly have said that Jimmie O'Niel had been already celebrating the Christmas season in his wonted manner, and had seen nothing more unusual than unstable candle flames, were it not that Mrs. McManus, a worthy woman, known to be steady and truthful, had, a few moments later than the bibulous ranchero, witnessed the same sight. This stamped the matter with an impress of truth that O'Niel's unsupported statement could not have imparted. His conversion followed immediately. Rumors of the new régime instituted on the Los Pinos Rancho ran up and down the coast from San Diego to Eureka. From time to time the miracle is alluded to in the press, and sceptical outsiders find it a difficult one to explain. There are only two people in California who know the secret of it, and they are not going to tell.

It will be remembered that it was just three days before this same Christmas that Mrs. Helen Wilmot, the beautiful widow, announced her engagement to Joshua Merrick, the railway man. It is not necessary in this little tale to tell how cruel had been Mrs. Wilmot's first experience of marriage. It is only of moment to state that so bitter had been the feeling between her and her late husband that, on the wife's side, it had descended in the form of a veiled repugnance to their child. She only tolerated her daughter Viva, a precious little girl of nine, whose striking likeness to her father may have been the cause of the mother's cold indifference.

Mrs. Wilmot was a brilliant lady, who went out a great deal, entertained a great deal, and troubled herself but little about her daughter. Viva had the freedom of the house, and made the most of it. She divided her affections and attentions between her mother's guests and servants. From a chat in the kitchen with the Chinese cook she would ascend to the upper floors and the weighty duty of entertaining Judge Rossett, a sexagenarian ornament of the bench, or Teddy Fitzgerald, a handsome youth of twenty-two—one of those young fellows who dangle in semi-flirtatious friendliness about the chariot wheels of mature beauty. Viva assumed grave airs of proprietorship over Teddy Fitzgerald, to whom, she informed people, she was engaged, his rival for her hand having been Judge Rossett.

Her deepest affection was divided between Teddy and her old nurse Bridget. To Bridget, and to Bridget alone, she was inclined to be confidential; for Bridget never laughed at her, nor repeated what she said. Together they conversed upon many serious topics, but their favorite one was religion. The old servant, burning with the simple faith of her kind, injected the same ardor into the spirit of the child. Viva constantly accompanied her nurse to the Church of St. Jerome, only a few blocks away, and there, uplifted with the mystic exaltation that so often seizes upon the soul of an unloved child, would spend entranced moments in contemplation of the effigies of her favorite saints. The image that attracted her fondest attention was that of the Virgin, toward whom her attitude was a characteristic mixture of reverence and friendliness. Perhaps it was an unconscious realization of the lack of maternal love in her own case that made her offer her deepest devotion at the shrine of the Divine Mother.

Three days before Christmas, Viva, with the rest of the world, heard from Bridget the news of her mother's approaching marriage. She thought it rather an interesting innovation in the general monotony of life, especially when Bridget told her that an unusually large and magnificent dinner was to be given on Christmas eve in honor of the announcement. Viva was to attend this feast, and her two particular cronies, Teddy Fitzgerald and Judge Rossett, were to be among the guests.

That evening Mrs. Wilmot was engaged to attend a musical, and, her fiancé being absent from the city, she was to be squired to the entertainment by her young cousin, Frank Carew. Being in an unusually amiable frame of mind, she allowed her daughter to assist at her toilet—one of the greatest treats that Fate could offer the deeply admiring little girl. When the last jewel was adjusted, the last curl in place, Mrs. Wilmot, blushing a little, opened a white suède box that stood on the corner of the dressing-table, and drew from the satin cushion a superb diamond star, which she held up against her throat by a slender chain of gold. The maid behind her, staring at her reflection in the mirror, and Viva, looking full into the richly tinted beauty of her face, uttered two simultaneous ejaculations of startled admiration. It was a magnificent jewel, and, lying cold on the creamy skin, sparkled bravely, as if conscious of its proud position. Then she slipped it off and laid it carelessly beside its box. It was Mr. Merrick's first present to her, and she was to wear it the day after to-morrow at the engagement dinner.

A few moments later, followed by Viva and the maid, she descended to the lower hall, where Frank Carew was waiting. As they stood together talking and adjusting their wraps, Mrs. Wilmot suddenly remembered that she had left her fan on the corner of the dressing-table. The *femme de chambre* had gone to give some forgotten orders for supper, so Frank Carew volunteered to fetch the fan. In a few moments he returned with it, and, accompanied by the maid, they set out for the rout.

When Mrs. Wilmot returned from the musical she found that her diamond star was gone. By the next afternoon stories of its disappearance, conjectures as to the identity of the thief and the manner of the theft, were passing from mouth to mouth throughout the city. Mrs. Wilmot, who was neither a gentle nor forbearing lady, was violently angry and agitated. Detectives were summoned, and the luggage and apartment of every servant on the house examined. But not a trace of the star was found. None of the other jewelry left lying carelessly on the dressing-table had been taken. The thief had realized the star's superior value. The details of the story leaked out with singular rapidity, and twenty-four hours after Frank Carew had escorted his cousin to the ball he was the subject of the ugliest of rumors.

The excitement in the house was intense. To Viva it was a thrilling experience, an atmosphere of turbulence being to her delightfully inspiring. There was in her manner a suggestion of suppressed exultation, a gleam of unusual light in her eye. The day after the star's disappearance she spent in flitting about the house, listening to the conjectures and theories of servants and visitors. On the afternoon of the second day she stationed herself at an upper window, and there watched till she saw her mother, accompanied by a friend and one of the detectives, drive away in a carriage. Then she repaired to those apartments reserved for herself and her nurse, where, finding the latter, she said she wished to go out, and wanted her coat and hat.

"It's only to play round a little in the garden," she said, coaxingly. "And you know it's going to rain in a few days, and I won't be able to go out at all."

Though it was not yet half past four, the day was already darkening. In half an hour it would be dusk. The nurse, recognizing the justice of the demand, produced the necessary garments and began to dress her charge.

"You'll not go outside the garden, honey?" she queried.

The little girl compressed her lips and shook her head. "To-morrow'll be Christmas," she said, as Bridget pressed unyielding buttons into reluctant button-holes. "I suppose the church will be fixed up finely."

There was a moment's pause, and she continued: "All the saints will have their best clothes on, won't they? The ones in glass boxes under the altars are dressed up all the time They never dress the Virgin up like the others, do they? I think it's mean."

"They put flowers all round her."

"Yes, but she ought to have better things than flowers. She's the best, and she ought to be decorated the best. She ought to be covered up with necklaces and crowns and diamonds. Why don't they ever put diamonds on her?"

"They haven't got any, I guess."

"Do you suppose they'd put them on if they had?"

"P'r'aps; but they haven't got any."

Her out-door toilet being now achieved, Viva kissed her nurse's cheek, and departed for her run in the garden.

Three-quarters of an hour later Teddy Fitzgerald, ascending Mrs. Wilmot's steps to hear the latest report of the investigation for the lost star, saw through the dusk a small figure running up the street toward him. He stopped, wondering, knowing that Viva was never allowed outside the garden alone. His doubts as to the identity of the approaching figure were put to an end by hearing it pant through the dark:

"Wait! It's me."

"What are you doing out alone at this hour?" he asked, extending a hand, into which she slipped her little cold paw.

"Just taking a *pasear*," she answered, still panting breathlessly. "But I don't want Bridget to get on to it. She thinks I was in the garden."

They ascended the steps together and entered the dim hall. A servant, coming forward from the dusk of retreating passageways, announced to them that a gentleman who had been waiting to see Mrs. Wilmot for some time was in the small sitting-room. Here they found a young fellow who was known to be an intimate of Frank Carews. He had been waiting to hear any scraps of information that might ease the anxiety of his unfortunate friend.

The young men, both absorbed in the same subject, exchanged a few quick words of greeting, and drawing two chairs together, began to talk in low voices. The little girl retired to the fireplace, in which a handful of fire threw its palpitating radiance into the twilight of the room. She had removed her out-door garments in the hall, and sitting sedately in the trim spread of her delicate white skirts, was staring absently into the fire, all the *gamine* ugliness of her small shrewd face revealed by the fluctuating light.

Without noticing her, yet conscious of her presence, the young men talked over the affair in undertones.

"Confoundedly ugly business for poor Frank," said Teddy. "Of course nobody who knows him suspects him for a moment. But it looks so awfully queer, and you can't muzzle every one."

"I came up to sound her ladyship," murmured the friend. "She doesn't accuse Frank, and they haven't arrested him, but if they don't find the thief they'll have to do it."

"It's all as bad as possible," returned the other, pulling his short mustache with a slow hand. "Whoever did it was smart enough to see Frank was exactly in the position to be suspected."

"That's what makes me certain it's somebody in the house. I'm positive it's one of the servants. They ought to arrest them all."

"Mrs. Wilmot is as mad as a hatter," said Teddy, under the arch of his hand. "When her blood's up like that, there's no counting on her. The fury of a woman scorned isn't a circumstance to the fury of a woman who loses a diamond star worth a thousand dollars."

"I'd like to catch the thief that did it," returned Carew's friend. "I'd make it hot for him."

The little girl stirred slightly, and her starched skirts emitted a subdued rustle. The young men, who had forgotten her, started guiltily, and exchanged glances of mute warning.

"Look out for little pitchers," said Teddy, putting on a fine air of vacuity.

Viva, without moving her eyes from the coals, said, slowly, "I didn't think, Teddy Fitzgerald, that I'd ever hear *you* talking of little pitchers."

At this reproof Carew's friend looked out of the sides of his eyes at Fitzgerald with an uneasy air. But the other, who was accustomed to the peculiarities of his *fiancée*, replied, apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, Viva. I forgot myself. I hope you'll overlook it for this once."

"Well, all right," she answered, not all mollified; "but I don't like to hear you say things like that about me."

The two young men could not restrain their laughter. Viva scorned to join them, and after subjecting them to a side glance of cold disapproval, returned to her contemplation of the flames. When Carew's friend, despairing of farther information, withdrew, she continued to sit in silent abstraction, her lips compressed, her unblinking gaze riveted on the fire.

Teddy Fitzgerald, stretched out in a long chair, his hands clasped behind his head, followed her example. For some moments there was silence in the room, a snap from the coals, the muffled rumbling of a passing carriage, alone breaking in upon it. Then Fitzgerald said, suddenly, with grim incisiveness,

"I'd like to catch the thief that stole that star."

"What would you do to him?" asked his companion.

"Hand him over to the police the moment I'd got my hands on him."

"The police!" said the little girl, in a tone of startled surprise. "The policemen?"

"The policemen. The biggest policeman, with the reddest face and the largest stomach, on the force."

"Oh!" The monosyllable, given forth on a suddenly expelled breath, contained a note of dismay.

"And the policeman," continued Teddy, dwelling with unction on his theme, "would hand them over to the judge without loss of time, and the judge would politely conduct them to prison, where he'd hope they'd find everything nice and comfortable."

"To prison?" queried his companion, turning a face full of frightened interest upon him.

"Of course!" he answered. "People who steal things always go to prison."

Viva rose slowly, and walking to his side, stood between his knees, a hand on either knee. She swallowed dryly, and then said,

"Did you say they'd be kept there long?"

"Ten years, maybe—ten years in a striped suit, with a shaven head."

"A shaven head!" she ejaculated, in a faint voice; then looking away, came to a stop.

Fitzgerald, who was not paying much attention to her, vouchsafed no comment. He was looking beyond her, at the glow of the fire.

"It's a confoundedly ugly business," he said, vehemently. "And when they catch the thief they'll give him the heaviest sentence—"

A loud sob cut him short, as Viva, in a storm of tears, flung herself violently upon his chest.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said, struggling into an upright position, and patting her consolingly on the back. "Don't feel so broken up about it."

"Oh, Teddy," she sobbed, "I took it. It was me!"

"What?" he cried, trying to pull her away and look into her face. "You took it?"

She clung to him, sobbing and trembling in terror.

"Yes, I took it. I never thought they'd make such a fuss. I never thought of prison."

"Why did you do it?"

"To put on the Virgin Mary."

Fitzgerald, who was unused to children, was alarmed. He touched her hands and cheeks to see if she felt feverish. He tried more gently to pull her away from him and look at her face. But she clutched him with the grip of agonized terror.

"Well—I don't exactly know who you're referring to," he said, trying to soothe her by stroking her hair, and looking about the room for an electric bell.

After a moment, when the first violence of her sobs had begun to subside, she answered him: "The one in St. Jerome's. All the other saints were dressed up, and I thought it was mean she wasn't. She's my favorite, and I wanted to decorate her for Christmas."

"Is it—a—a statue?" he asked, trying to struggle out of his bewilderment.

"Yes—all white, at the right-hand altar."

And now, her tears under control, she began to gasp out the story of her theft—how she had hidden the star in her pocket when the maid was putting on her mother's cloak, and had kept it in her doll's bureau till that afternoon, when, under pretence of playing in the garden, she had run to the church and hung it around the neck of the image. "There were people in the church, but they kept moving, and their eyes were tight shut praying most of the time. I just waited, and, when no one was near there, crept inside the rail. I had a scramble to get up high enough, but I climbed on the side of the altar. The chain slipped right over her head, and I slid down, and you can bet I scooted. But, oh, Teddy," she said, drawing back from him, and looking into his face with eyes whose brilliancy quenched the last tears, "you ought to see her. She looks grand!"

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Fitzgerald, lifting her off his knee and rising. "Get your hat and coat, quick."

"What are you going to do?" she cried, in a sudden rush of apprehension, her face full of tremulous suspense. "You're not going to tell the police?"

"No; don't be silly. Get your hat and coat, and hurry. We ought to be at the church inside ten minutes."

She rushed away, and returned, struggling into her coat as she came. Fitzgerald tied on her hat, and hand in hand they quietly stole across the hall and out of the front door. As they descended the steps, Viva, her confidence quite restored, began to chat with her companion with her customary fluent ease.

It was evening now, and quite dark. The broad street, nearly deserted at this hour, its stately length touched by the recurrent lights of lamps, showed a few hurrying pedestrians at long intervals. Fitzgerald at first was silent, but as they turned the corner, and the massive bulk of the church loomed up he said, half to himself,

"I suppose the best way will be to go round to the priests' house and ask them to get it for us."

At these words Viva gave a smothered shriek, tore her hand away, and hurling herself against his knees, effectually barred his path, crying, wildly: "No, you won't do that! I won't let you! You never said you'd do that. They'll know I took it, and I'll be put in prison. I won't let you! I won't!"

A young woman a short distance beyond them stopped at the noise and stood on the curb, regarding them with frowning brows. She made a few steps toward them, and then stopped, suspicious, but irresolute. Viva still clung about the young man's knees, pleading passionately. Half a block in front of them Fitzgerald saw a man approaching.

"All right, I won't!" he cried, desperately. "Stop making that noise, and I'll do anything you want. For pity's sake, stand up, Viva, and behave like a reasonable human being. People think I'm trying to murder you."

On hearing the desired assurance Viva restored herself to a normal position, and her face, already made up for a grand lachrymose display, resumed an expression of smooth complacence. A few tears had, indeed, run over on her cheeks, and fearing to spoil her gloves by wiping these away in the manner nature suggests, she extended her hand toward Fitzgerald, with the laconic command, "Your handkerchief."

They had now reached the wide spread of shallow steps which leads to the church's main entrance. One or two of the faithful, dark, indistinguishable figures, were hurrying up and down. The swinging doors slapped outward and inward with their quick exits and entrances. With his foot on the lower step Fitzgerald turned to his companion and murmured,

"Now how do you propose to get that star?"

"Go in and take it," she whispered back.

"You'll do that, I suppose?"

"No, I won't. You've got to do it. I put it on, and you've got to take it off."

The young man gave her a menacing look through the gloom, and they ascended the steps. The great silent edifice, its branching columns lost in the twilight of the hollow roof, was nearly dark. In its sombre alcoves lights glimmered faintly; the flames of clumps of candles were only sparks piercing the darkness. Here and there a crouching figure knelt against an altar rail in silent devotion.

The two conspirators, stepping with noiseless softness, flitted up the side aisle toward the altar of the Virgin. At one of the alcoves they passed a kneeling woman, and in a pew near the door an old man was reading in an undertone from a book. A girl hurrying out brushed by them. There was no one at the altar of the Virgin. Alone, the light of the tall candles gilding the pallid form, the Mother stood holding out to the adoration of His worshippers the Divine Child. As Fitzgerald's eyes fell upon the figure, he uttered a smothered ejaculation. Sparkling on her white breast, like ice on snow, lay the star, blazing from every facet. In the semi-darkness of the alcove the chain by which it was suspended was invisible, and it lay on the snowy surface like a thing of celestial fire.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said the child, in an awed whisper, sinking on her knees by the rail.

Fitzgerald made no response, but for an impressed moment stood looking reverently at it. Even though he knew the secret, the beauty and wonder of the sight held him in a trance of silent awe. Then the exigencies of the moment were recalled to his mind by feeling his coat gently jerked, and hearing Viva's hissing whisper:

"There's nobody looking now. I've been watching. Go in."

He stepped over the low rail into the enclosure, seized the star, and slipped the chain over the small head of the image. The action did not occupy a minute. Almost before he realized that the deed was done he was standing beside Viva again.

"It's all right," she breathed; "even if any one did see you, it's all right. In that long coat they'd take you for one of the priests."

Fitzgerald thrust the star in his pocket, Viva slid her hand familiarly into his, and silently, at a sedate pace, they passed down the aisle and out of the church.

It was after six when they reached the house. Viva stole in cautiously, her companion waiting on the steps till he saw her stealthily close the wide hall door. Then he hurried off to his rooms, for he was due in less than an hour at the dinner.

The sensation which was developed at Miss Wilmot's engagement dinner that Christmas eve was almost as great in its way as that caused by the miracle at the Church of St. Jerome. As the hostess shook out her napkin, the lost star fell from its folds into her lap. If its disappearance had been singular, its recrudescence was mysterious. The subject was discussed for hours, without arriving at any satisfactory explanation. No one ever connected it with the famous miracle of St. Jerome's, and no one, also, ever thought that the buoyant demeanor of Teddy Fitzgerald and Viva Wilmot at that memorable dinner could in the remotest way have any connection with both these strange occurrences.

As Mrs. Wilmot's startled cry revealed the sudden appearance of the jewel, the two conspirators exchanged swift oblique glances of subtle Masonic comprehension. Then they were silent for a space, fixing their attention on the viands before them with absorbed assiduity. It was in the sitting-room after dinner that Viva whispered to her fiancé:

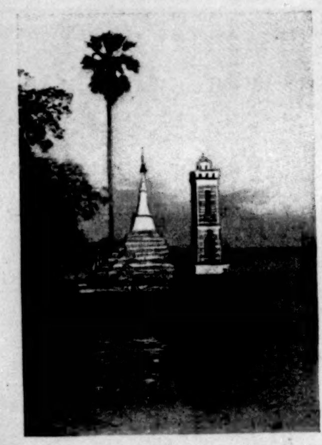
"I'm glad I took you instead of Judge Rossett. He's a nice man, but he never could have got about as lively as you did this afternoon."

"Thanks," murmured Fitzgerald; "your honesty's rather painful, but I'm glad you found me useful."

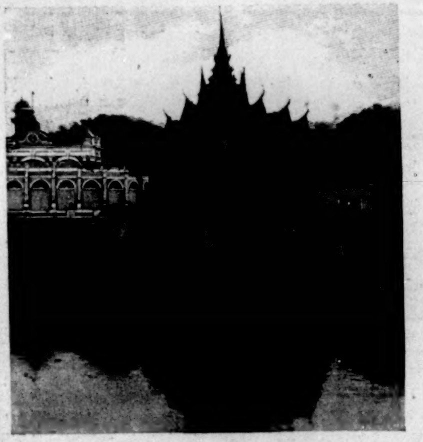
BANGKOK—STORES ALONG THE MENAM RIVER.

BANG PAIN—INTERIOR OF CHINESE PALACE.

BANGKOK—VIEW OF MENAM RIVER.

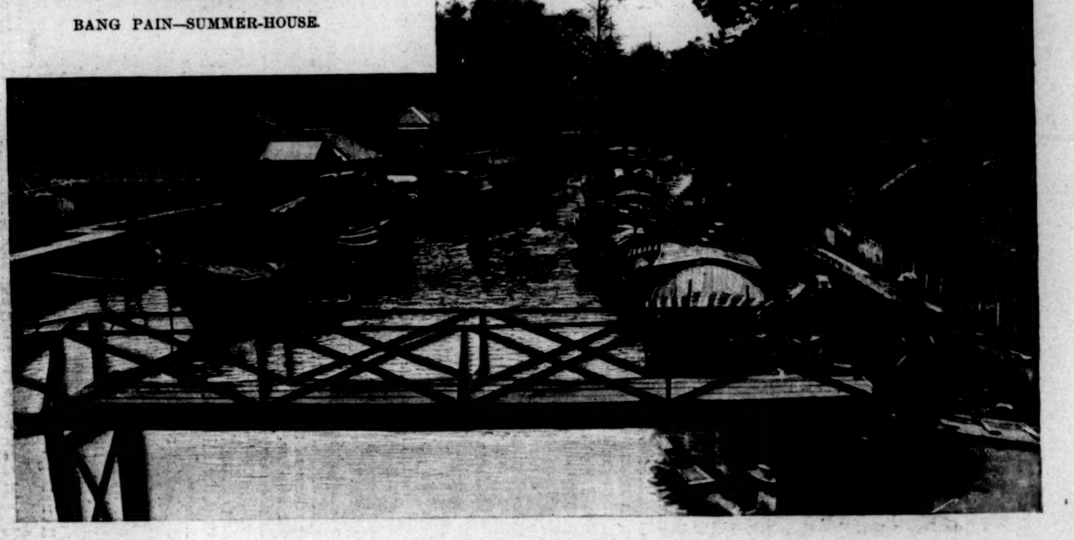


BANG PAIN—LIGHT-HOUSE.



BANG PAIN—SUMMER-HOUSE.

BANGKOK—A STREET CANAL.

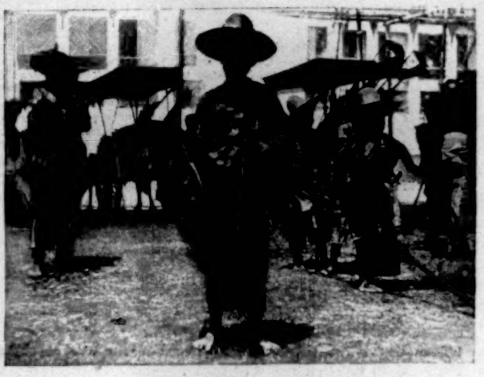


BANGKOK—ANOTHER STREET CANAL.

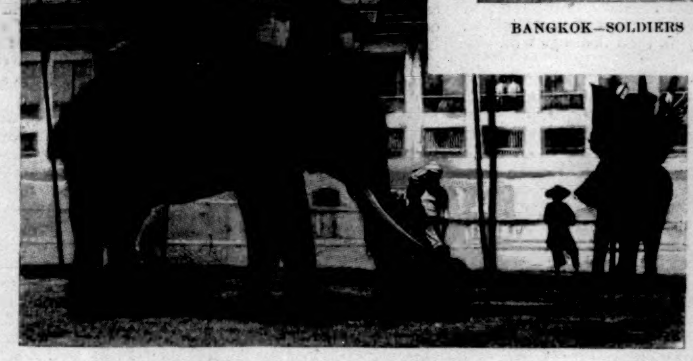
WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION—SIAM AND ITS CAPITAL.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 1247.]

FERRY-BOAT ON THE MENAM RIVER.

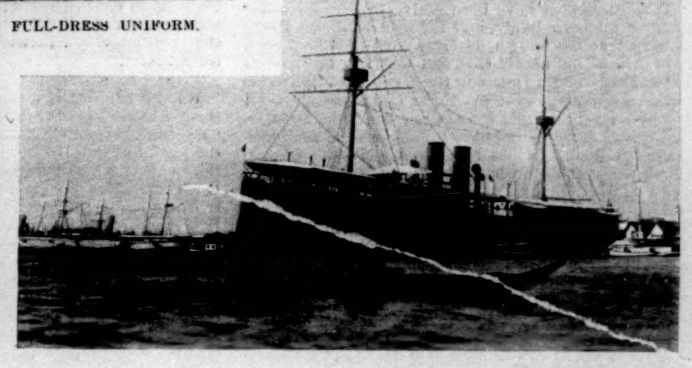
BANGKOK—CANOE ON THE MENAM RIVER.



BANGKOK—SOLDIERS IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM.



BANGKOK—ELEPHANT CORPS GOING ON PARADE.



KING OF SIAM'S YACHT.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION—SIAM AND ITS CAPITAL.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SIAM AND ITS CAPITAL.

THE ancient kingdom of Siam, even more than Burmah, has been a favorite field for the exaggerations of ancient geographers, and the more reasonable, though perhaps less excusable, statements of travellers in comparatively recent times. Yet the country and its people are sufficiently interesting without the assistance of fable.

Situated as they are in a sort of border-land between the Indian and Chinese regions, both people and country present some features that appear to belong to each race and province. Originally, indeed, the people of Siam had nothing of the Mongolian about them, being, in fact, a race of nearly pure Malay origin, with possibly a slight admixture of that Oriental negro type which has been termed Papuan, or, perhaps more properly, Australian. Although it has maintained its independence of Chinese domination, it has received a large share of Chinese immigration, and it is probable that something like one-half of its people are now of more or less pure Mongolian descent.

Its people are almost entirely agricultural in their occupations, and, as a consequence, there are no large cities, Bangkok, the capital, being, indeed, the only place in the kingdom with any pretensions to a large city population. The true Siamese is, as a rule, a very easy-going and lazy specimen of society, who looks to the women of his family to do all that must be done in the way of active work. His wants, indeed, are few, and nature is kind. Food is simple and easily raised in Siam; clothing is represented for both sexes by a simple cloth round the loins; and lodging is provided by a thatched hut of the simplest form and construction. In the towns, and particularly the capital, a little more clothing is commonly worn, but even there not very much.

All the pomp and splendor of a great Indian prince surrounds the King of Siam and his family, and this, to a limited extent, is also true of the few great officers of the kingdom, which include the chief representatives of the national Buddhist religion. Outside this charmed circle of luxury and splendor there is almost literally nothing like real prosperity, or even comfort, to be met with. The general impression given by travellers to the outside world as to the conditions of life in Siam have been drawn almost exclusively from this very small class, and consequently it is wholly misleading. There is thus little to be met with that is architecturally excellent in the country. By far the best specimen of palace architecture seen by us, even at Bangkok, was the summer palace at Bang Pain, situated on the river Menam, at some little distance from the capital. This, with its grounds, forms really a charming home, such as no European sovereign would be inclined to consider unsuitable for his own use. The part of it which constitutes the Chinese Palace is an exact representation in miniature of the imperial palace at Peking, and was presented to the King of Siam by his Chinese subjects some years ago. Although professedly a miniature, it is still by no means small, and in beauty of finish and ornament is in many respects a very fine building. The grounds are laid out with all the skill and taste of which the best European landscape-gardeners are capable, and statues, grottoes, and fountains of the finest European designs are met with at every turn.

The Siamese navy, as it lies at anchor in the Menam River, presents an appearance so formidable that it is difficult to understand how its owner could so tamely have allowed one or two French gunboats in the river to overawe the capital. The one which we have termed the King's yacht is a fine modern cruiser of the best type, of 4500 tons, and fully armed with first-class Armstrong guns. It is kept, as, indeed, the whole fleet seems to be, in first-rate order, but, so far as appears, its only practical use is that of serving the royal family for a pleasure-yacht. For this purpose it is magnificently fitted with every luxury and splendor, and affords accommodations for the King and perhaps a score of his wives, with their respective families, when they desire to go on a pleasure cruise.

The land forces of the kingdom are not, it must be confessed, quite so imposing to the stranger's eye as the navy, although it is at least possible that in case of emergency they might prove not less efficient. Our picture of foot-soldiers ready for parade at once suggests an approach to the Chinese and ancient Japanese warlike accoutrements, and hardly gives the impression of anything very formidable or up to date in their equipment. The elephant corps also is probably more imposing than formidable to any external enemy at all likely to assail the kingdom, yet it is curious as an example of the ancient use of the elephant in war as a kind of compromise between a fort and an arsenal of spare weapons.

Bangkok itself stands in the position of an Eastern and uncivilized edition of Venice. It is essentially a city of waters, with canals instead of streets, and canoes and boats substituted for carriages and wagons. For the most part, the capital of Siam is built upon the banks of the Menam itself, or upon a net-work of channels cut into the alluvial flat through which it flows. The effect is decidedly pretty and romantic, as will be seen from the various glimpses which our views give of the city, but it has no pretensions to being considered, like the famous queen of the Adriatic, an imposing city. The total absence of anything like architectural beauty in the houses would of course account for the difference, but even if this were removed the circumstances of the far Eastern capital would effectually forbid it. The soil produces with amazing rapidity a growth of trees and tall shrubs, which, while they add immensely to the romantic beauty of the place, and conceal many of its more objectionable features, serve also to shut in each channel with a leafy screen, and isolate it from the one next it as effectually to the eye as miles of distance. Thus the stranger may, as indeed we did, paddle down one street and up another for half a day, passing through long vistas of green trees and shining water, bordered by the shops, stores, and dwellings of the capital — the stores, by-the-way, are nearly all kept by Chinese — and at the end of his journey have no idea whether he has seen half a dozen or half a hundred of the canal-streets of Bangkok. Everywhere the views are the same; everywhere the little mean thatched houses are alike, except when a bigger one displays on its veranda the goods the owner deals in; everywhere the people are equally unclothed and undistinguishable—it is strangely difficult to tell a man from a woman in Siam; and everywhere the general appearance, both on land and water, is one of unsanatory filth such as can hardly be met with even in one of the sacred cities of India, and imagination can scarcely go beyond that point.

The river, indeed, is the only salvation of Bangkok, and it is no easy matter to understand how even the river avails to save the city from a continual pestilence. It is treated by the people as a common scavenger, to whose care too much cannot possibly be left. Its channels are the receptacles for the whole of the filth and garbage of the city, and from the dead bodies of men and animals to the refuse, vegetables, and dirty water from the houses, everything is thrown into and floats at its leisure down the liquid streets, jostled by boats, and also by the inhabitants—men, women, and children—who swim from place to place with the ease of ducks, and also apparently with their indifference to unsavory sights and smells. And yet, although cholera is never absent from the city, it does not sweep away the people with a plague. This no doubt it owes to the ever-moving current of the river.

There is a section of Bangkok which is on dry land, and extends beyond the region of canals. It consists mainly of one long street, which forms a sort of grand parade, with houses and stores on both sides. It is here that modern ideas have made an inroad on the Eastern city which produces the ludicrous effect of utter incongruity. It is here that a syndicate—mainly American—has established a tramway operated by electricity, and has also installed the electric system of lighting for public use. Both projects have met with remarkable success and popular favor. Thus the small end of the wedge of modern ideas has been introduced in Siam, and when the railroad now in course of construction to connect on one hand with Burmah, and on the other with Tonquin, shall have been completed, it is at least possible that a new era of substantial progress may dawn upon the land of the white elephant.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A SINCERE regard for literary merit of a high and unusual order seems to warrant an allusion in this department of the WEEKLY to the exceptional quality of the fall and winter crop of the New York *Sun's* Massachusetts jokes. They are the pleasantest and most edifying jokes the *Sun* prints. Its humorous allusions to Mr. Cleveland, Dr. Parkhurst, Recorder Goff, and even Colonel Waring and Mr. Roosevelt, have sometimes seemed to some minds to be touched with a suggestion of acrimony which impaired their joyousness. So it has been apt to be with the *Sun's* jokes in years past. The fun it had with Mr. Hayes and with Private Secretary Rogers, with Colonel Lamont, with George W. Childs, and a long line of other distinguished personages, was not always so gay as it might have been if it had been somewhat less liable to bite the tongue. Jokes should be joyous. They may sting the victim and still be felicitous, but when they sting the general reader they are no good as jokes. A great charm of the *Sun's* Massachusetts jokes is their geniality. They don't sting anybody. Ever since the *Sun* ran Ben Butler for President it has appreciated the great value of Massachusetts politics as a field for humor in New York, and has cultivated that field with diligence and with continuous improvement. Its jokes, like every one else's, are apt to droop in the dog-days, and run a little to the dismals in the late summer and early fall, picking up as the malaria gets frosted out of the air, and reaching their full vigor between election day and Christmas. This fall the weather has been good for jokes in general, and the conditions for Massachusetts jokes have been unusually favorable. Mr. Quincy has been running for Mayor of Boston, Mr. Congressman Barrett has been head-hunting, and other Massachusetts gentlemen have been active in various ways. They have all been lively, and the *Sun* has been lively with them. It has shown us Mr. Quincy perched on a lofty branch of his family tree, and the Hon. Mr. Barrett sitting bunked in with violets in the darkness of his cellar, abhorring publicity. Not even Mr. Quincy's supposed sympathy with the spoils system nor the Hon. Mr. Barrett's jingoistic propensities have solemnized the *Sun's* attitude toward them. It has been kind and sympathetic, but in all its sympathy it has been cheerful, and disposed to make things jubilous and inspiriting both in Massachusetts and New York.

The rumor that Dr. Parkhurst and Bishop Potter had been added to the New York Yacht Club's investigating committee finds no confirmation. There have been no further additions to the committee since ex-Minister Phelps and Captain Mahan were joined to it, but it is a singularly strong committee as it stands. The action of the New York Yacht Club in engaging Mr. Joseph Choate as counsel is not to be understood as implying any consciousness of weakness in the club's case. It merely evinces in one more particular the club's earnest disposition to give Lord Dunraven the best investigation the country can afford.

A good little boy, but not too good, was reproved the other day for being "bossy" with his sisters. "Bossy" is not as yet a dictionary word, and is not so pretty a word as some others, but it has some claims to a respectful consideration. It conveys its idea very promptly and directly, and the idea is one that is not otherwise readily conveyed except by a circumlocution. To be "bossy" is not to be arbitrary, nor yet dictatorial. It simply expresses the propensity to make the plans for a company, and see that they are carried out.

The foreign despatches tell of something approaching a Presidential crisis in France, which is based on circumstances which will strike the American mind as very astonishing. We are told by the Paris correspondents that an attack has been made upon President Faure on the ground that there are serious scandals connected with his family which make him an unfit person to be President of France. We are told that in 1841 a notary named Mignot embezzled funds and had to fly the country. His family were ruined. Some years after, M. Faure married his dowerless daughter, with full knowledge of her father's history. On this account, it seems, certain of President Faure's political enemies declare that he must resign, and they have raised so great a hubbub that we are told that it is not unlikely that he may be driven out of office, as Casimir-Perier was before him. To the normal American such a story as this seems incredible. It is the custom in this country for every man to stand as far as possible on his own legs, and to be responsible for his own actions, and for actions inspired or ordered by him. But no American dreams of being held responsible for the action of even his own near relations, or of being seriously affected in reputation by their conduct, much less by the conduct of relations of his wife. Such a tale as this about President Faure would hardly be worth printing about a candidate for the Presidency in this country, unless perhaps it was told to his credit as showing the sort of man he was. We do not hold, either in theory or in practice, that it is possible for a family to be disgraced by the act of a single member of it. That the French have different sentiments on that point every one knows who has got so far in French literature as to read a translation of *Camille;* but if M. Faure resigns on account of the uproar raised about his ears because his wife's father was a defaulter, it will raise fresh doubts in many American minds as to the capacity of Frenchmen for popular government.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has come out with the opinion that the law against carrying concealed weapons is hurtful, and that in the South at least it ought to be repealed. It is interesting and rather startling to find its view sustained by Judge J. A. P. Campbell, of Jackson, Mississippi, who writes to it commending its position. Judge Campbell says that an experience of nearly fifty years in active connection with the enforcement of the laws leads him to think that the law against carrying weapons cannot be enforced, and that while it stays on the statute-book it operates as a restraint on peaceable and responsible persons and has no force with persons in whose hands weapons are most apt to be dangerous and destructive. It puts good citizens at a disadvantage and encourages roughs to assail them. He believes that all should be free to carry arms, and that girls especially should be taught to use them expertly. His argument is akin to that familiarly used in this State against the usury law, which is said to restrain decent money-lenders and to aggravate the exactions of extortioners. Judge Campbell's logic seems sound and his views reasonable, but they give one a very painful impression about the security of the person in the South. To concede that it is desirable for every one to have his weapon handy when he ventures out in Mississippi or Louisiana is to make a very serious admission as to the state of society in those parts.

Persons who have read Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of "Huldah the Prophetess," in the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be interested in the following communication, which it is a pleasure to give in full, except for the omission of the writer's name:

> GOSHEN, ELKHART CO., INDIANA, *Nov.* 26, '95.
>
> MR. EDITOR,—I wish to call your attention to a misstatement in an article about "Huldah the Prophetess" in the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is there stated that Pitt Packard, or W. Pitt Fessenden Packard, came to Goshen, Indiana, and went into business as a pump-maker. I have been a resident of Goshen for fifty years, and there was never any man of that name here as a pump-maker or a maker of anything else. In fact, there was never anybody of that name living in this town, and I've known everybody in it. There was a man named Packard here once—George Washington Packard, but he didn't make pumps at all. He had a farm about two miles from here, and sold out about ten years ago and went West.
>
> Yours truly.

Evidently Goshen in Indiana contains at least one good friend of HARPER'S MAGAZINE who does not mean to allow that periodical to be imposed upon. This is as good a place as any to thank him for his vigilance and remind him that story-tellers are just story-tellers, and it is a sheer waste of time to try to convince them that the occurrences they record never really happened at all. No doubt when Mrs. Wiggin learns that there never was any Pitt Packard in Goshen she will make some evasive remark, and perhaps smile. That is the way with story-tellers; they are not very trustworthy in their dealings with historical facts.

What a comfort it would be to all men of peace if all those Americans who are anxious to lick the British could be accommodated with due opportunity without getting the rest of us into the row! There seems to be a crowd in this country which is spoiling for a scrap with John Bull. It is tremendously noisy in proportion to its size, for really it is not a large crowd. What ails it is hard to explain. It is comprehensible enough that there should be many Irishmen in this country who hate the English, reasonably enough perhaps, and would be glad to see them hurt, but our most influential jingoes are not Irishmen, but Americans of English descent. They are a tiresome lot of people. No people on the earth, outside of our own country, interest the average American in anything like the degree that the English do. Of all foreigners they are the folks that we know the best, that we understand the best, that we admire the most, and that, on the whole, we like the best. Their language is ours, their history is in great measure ours, their standards of conduct are almost identical with ours, their religions are ours, their literature is ours, they are our best customers, and if they are also our greatest rivals and competitors it is because they are so much like us and we so like them that we turn naturally to the same sort of activities and enterprises. All these ties and similitudes do not insure us against having differences with the English, or against an occasional clash of interest or policy, but they are amply sufficient to make the prospect of any serious misunderstanding between us decidedly depressing to persons of normal mind. That there should be any considerable number of Americans who hail the first symptom of a possibility of serious trouble with England with hozannas and lively demonstrations of glee must be taken as evidence that our population includes a good many very foolish persons, who don't know when they are well off.

A recent paragraph in this corner of the WEEKLY, wherein note was taken of Mr. John Rockefeller's large disbursements in behalf of the Chicago University, impelled the Philadelphia *City and State* to regret

> "that the HARPER'S WEEKLY chronicler and commentator in this particular instance could not have been induced beforehand to read, in another of Harper & Brothers' publications, a chapter entitled 'A Sunday in June,' along with certain other chapters, wherein is given a rather striking, not to say startling, account of where all these munificent millions, poured like a Pactolus flood upon that Chicago University, came from; for in that case possibly the news item might not have been put before us in quite so aggravatingly chirrupy a style."

Since our neighbor spoke, Miss Helen Culver has given a million dollars to the Chicago University, insuring the further disbursement by Mr. Rockefeller of another million to match it, as per offer recorded. President Harper telegraphed to Mr. Rockefeller the news of Miss Culver's gift, and added, "We are very happy." Would our Philadelphia brother really have the heart to jar such joy as Doctor Harper's with an untimely citation from the chapter he speaks of? Let us ponder; let us meditate; let us consult history, and look up authorities. "High and dangerous action," says Judge Holmes, in his oration in praise of war, "teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof." High—that is high-handed—and dangerous action undoubtedly went to the winning of Mr. Rockefeller's money, and doubtless taught him to believe it was rightfully won; just as a little fighting taught the United States to believe in its right to annex part of Mexico. If doubts may rightly be banished by hard knocks in war, may they not be driven away just as legitimately by hard knocks in business?

Mr. Rockefeller probably believes his fortune is rightfully his, and if he does, no doubt Doctor Harper believes so also.

And furthermore: There was a reprint in a Boston paper the other day of an old record which told of the doings at the installation of a Puritan minister in very early times in a Massachusetts church. After an immense succession of meetings and discourses, it came evening, and time for food and drink. A great feast had been prepared, with bear and venison for its mainstays; but just as they were beginning on it, it transpired that the venison had been bought of a Pequot Indian, who had killed it on Sunday, and concealed his offence by lying. At first the brethren rejected the venison altogether, but presently determined that the meat had done no wrong and was clean, but that the Pequot should give back the purchase-money and should receive forty stripes, less one, for Sabbath-breaking and falsehood. Then they ate up the venison, all except one brother, whose conscience was tender, and who stuck to bear.

Is it not just, neighbor, that the responsibility for flogging the Pequot should remain with those who ate his venison?

Why don't people who have money to throw at birds throw more of it at the birds in the hats of ladies who sit in front of them at the theatre? It is an irksome experience to find that the seat you have engaged at the theatre is behind a big hat. Why isn't it a reasonable use of money—if one has too much—to provide against this contingency by buying two or three sets of seats and occupying the one which happens to have the fewest obstructions ahead of it? "No one but an American millionaire," says the London *Times*, "can afford to be quite regardless of the wishes of his fellow-creatures." But the *Times* is wrong. The underbred dames whose theatre hats are obstructive can and do afford themselves that luxury. It is part of the felicity of the millionaire that he can evade some forms of oppression which he cannot resist, and this tyranny of plumed millinery among the others.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

I HAVE often wondered why the English departments of our universities should not follow the example so often set by the classical departments in the arrangement of dramatic and other literary entertainments. Greek and Latin plays have for many years been an occasional feature of educational work in our higher institutions, but the English play has not seemed worth the expenditure of similar effort. Recently, however, there have been indications of a realization of the opportunities offered in this comparatively untried field, the most noticeable of these indications having been the Harvard performance of Jonson's *Silent Woman* last spring. These remarks are occasioned by an interesting experiment performed the other day on a modest scale at the University of Chicago. Dr. Frederick Ives Carpenter, of the English faculty, was at some pains to arrange "an evening with Elizabethan lyrics," and the result was sufficiently interesting amply to justify the experiment. A number of the sixteenth and seventeenth century lyrics were sung to their contemporary airs (as published in Chappell and other collections), and the effort was very pleasant, helping to a better comprehension of what such songs as "Come live with me" and "Drink to me only" meant to the Elizabethan consciousness. Of course the contrast could not fail to come out between the perfection of the poetic art and the primitiveness of the musical art to which it was wedded, and one could not help thinking of the happy combination that might have resulted had only Franz and Schubert been at once Englishmen and contemporaries of Shakespeare and Campion.

The Twentieth Century Club of Chicago has just issued its annual booklet for the use of members, and it is interesting to note how great a variety of distinguished speakers it has had the pleasure of greeting during the six years of its existence. The club has held thirty-eight meetings in all, and among those who have addressed it are a considerable number of the most distinguished men of the time. Of Englishmen, for example, it has heard Sir Walter Besant, Sir Henry Irving, Professor R. Y. Tyrrell, Professor R. C. Jebb, Dean Hole, and Mr. Walter Crane. Among Americans its list shows the names of Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Marion Crawford, Professor Brander Matthews, and Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston. It was while in Chicago as the guest of this club that Colonel Johnston was made the victim of the interview upon which a writer in "This Busy World" commented week before last. I say victim, because the genial Colonel did not say that Chicago was destined to become the literary centre of the country, but simply of the West, which is quite another story.

The University of Chicago has just been gladdened by a Christmas gift of a round million of dollars from Miss Helen Culver of this city. Miss Culver's gift is in the name of her cousin, the late Charles Jerrold Hull, whose estate she inherited some years ago, and whose old family residence is well known, in its character as a social settlement, by the name of Hull House. Miss Culver's gift, which was entirely unexpected, is made upon the condition that it be wholly applied to biological work; one half to be expended upon land, buildings, and equipment, the other half to be reserved as an endowment fund. The letter making the gift specifies that a part of the fund shall be devoted to popular lectures of the university-extension type, and a part to the establishment of two biological stations, one at the sea-shore, and one at some inland point. This great gift is doubly welcome, because it secures to the university an additional million from Mr. Rockefeller. The latter, it will be remembered, coupled his recent gift of an outright million with a conditional promise of two other millions, or any part thereof, to match corresponding gifts from other quarters. Thus the past few weeks have added three millions to the resources of the university, an amount that might prove difficult of assimilation in the hands of an executive less Napoleonic or less fertile in magnificent plans than President Harper.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

AN old Bostonian who would come to life and see an elevated railway on the Common would probably wish himself back in the other world again, even if the particular covenants of religion under which he lived had turned out to be of the wrong brand; but when a little further inquiry had satisfied him that this railway was being used to take the dirt from the subway which was to remove the "broomstick cars" from crowded Tremont Street, he might conclude that modern Bostonians were not so degenerate after all.

But the minister at "Brimstone Corner" styles the subway "the abode of the devil," and the contractors for its construction the "servants of his Satanic majesty"; and all this because his study was flooded with water on account of some subterranean disturbance. An aquatic hell is perhaps a novelty, and certainly would be a relief.

The *Cercle Français*, of Harvard University, presented very successfully, during the week ending December 14th, Molière's farce *Le Malade Imaginaire*, giving one performance at Copley Hall, Boston, and two at the Saunder's Theatre. The play was produced under the direction of Professor De Sumichrast. The music used in the play was composed by undergraduates, and the ballets were very effective and elaborate. There was also a *Cérémonie du Doctorat*, a burlesque on the initiation ceremonies of a French doctor. About forty-seven men—apothecaries, doctors, surgeons, and medicine-carriers—took part in the ceremony, which was most comical.

The new Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University has not been favorably commented upon by the committee appointed by the overseers to visit the Department of Fine Arts. Their report says: "As it stands, the building affords but moderate room for the exhibition of statues and casts, the lights are confusing, and some of the well-lighted places are occupied by doors. If a fine work of art, a picture or a statue, were presented to the college, there are very few places where it could be creditably placed. The teachers of the department have naturally looked forward to this building as one that would greatly extend the influence of their work, and since it fails in many ways to meet their needs, we feel that their complaints are natural and justified."

The exterior of the building is of light-colored stone, and cannot be said to belong to any recognized order of architecture. The interior is fire-proof throughout. On the ground-floor are a large central hall for casts from Greek and Roman sculpture; a smaller room for Egyptian and Assyrian casts; another for electrotypes of ancient coins, Greek vases, etc.; another for casts from Michael Angelo's Medici Chapel statues; another for Italian Renaissance work. Several sections in plaster of Parthenon frieze form the frieze of the main hall. Two flights of stairs lead to the second story, the galleries in which are now hung with several hundred Braun photographs of paintings of various schools—the entire collection of photographs numbers nearly 15,000—with some copies in oils and water-colors of examples of Florentine and Venetian painting, a few copies from drawings by Turner, and a few fac-similes from typical examples of French manuscript illuminations of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In the west room large tables with table easels are provided for their convenient examination, and facilities for drawing and tracing will be afforded for qualified students.

The Greater Boston Commission is to report to the Massachusetts Legislature at its approaching session a plan for the establishment of a new county, to be known as the Metropolitan County, to be composed of Suffolk County and the cities and towns in the Metropolitan District.

The State, through three commissions, is now carrying out certain great improvements in what is known as the Metropolitan District. The commonwealth lends its credit in the first instance to raise the necessary funds, and it is to collect from the localities benefited the just share which each should bear.

The Metropolitan Park Commission has bought for the public the Blue Hills, the Middlesex Fells, and Revere Beach, and parts of the banks of the Charles River; the Sewage Commission is constructing great drains, so that in a year or two the Charles and the Mystic will receive no more sewage; and last year a Metropolitan Water Commission was appointed to carry out the great plan for a water supply for the district, in accordance with the recommendations of the State Board of Health.

It is now proposed that the council for the new county shall take charge of the management of these works. The towns and cities in the "municipal district" form one great continuous city, though separated from each other by political boundaries. A federation to accomplish such great works will be an interesting development in municipal affairs. It is interesting to note that this movement for co-operation has been tentative, and in harmony with the conservative spirit of New England. W.

THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

The city of Erzeroum may be called the capital of eastern Turkey. It is the seat of a Turkish Governor-General, and has a large garrison. It is also the residence of English, Russian, and French consuls-general. The population, about 40,000, is overwhelmingly Turkish, the Armenians numbering not more than one-fourth of the total. The latter have been, however, among the most progressive of their race, and their schools have gained a reputation in Europe as well as in Asia. They have been a prosperous community. Almost the whole trade of the city, transit as well as local, has been in their hands. With prosperity has come conservatism, and the machinations of revolutionists found little encouragement among them. If any community ever deserved well at the hands of its ruler, the Armenians of Erzeroum deserved protection at the hands of the Sultan.

The massacres in Trebizond and the Bitlis region early in October created a great feeling of uneasiness. The Governor, however, repeated his assurances of protection, and consuls and missionaries sought to quiet the people. At about noon of October 30th the blow fell like a thunder-bolt. The first victim was a priest from a neighboring village, who, while seeking an audience with the Governor, was shot down by the soldiers in the court-yard of the Government House. Then through the streets in every quarter of the city the soldiers went, joined by other Turks and Kurds.

They shot to kill. The bullets went straight, and men dropped in their steps. There was no resistance. A few women and children were cut down, but in general the order, or at least the agreement, was, "Kill the men; the women and children will fall to us." After four hours of carnage, in which not less than 400 men were killed, the looting commenced. Not a shop, and few houses were left. What the Turks could not carry away they destroyed. Pepper and acids were thrown into the flour, and the bread was trampled underfoot. The days that followed were scarcely less terrible. There was, first, the duty of burying the dead.

Then came the search for the missing. Occasionally friendly Turks, even at personal risk, had shielded Armenians, and under cover of the darkness these returned to their homes. But the multitude never came back, and they included the wealthiest, best-educated men of the community. Then came news from the villages. From the plains, east, west, and south, haggard men, dishevelled women, and staggering children came to the city for protection. To-day it is full of those who, unless relief comes quickly, will die of starvation. Relief is already being sent, and a National Committee has been organized, which, it is expected, will work in connection with the Red Cross Society. Funds sent to Spencer Trask, 27 Pine Street, New York city, will be forwarded so as to reach those most accessible. The best estimates place the total number of killed at not far from 50,000, while nearly, if not quite, 500,000 are destitute and suffering.

TO A POET OF OBSCURITY.

Your verse is like a buhl-work desk; 'tis wrought
So splendidly; and holds rich gems of thought

I do not doubt, but, O dear friend of mine,
Pray, in your kindness, send one little line

And let the secret to me be revealed:
Where are the springs that open the concealed,

The well-hid drawers, in which these gems so rare,
These pearls of thought that surely must be there,

Are lying close? I prithee send the key
That I may doat upon your poesie.

It does not do to let your jewels lie
So close, they can't be seen by mortal eye,

And buhl-work verse, however richly wrought,
Can't hold a heart that cannot find the thought.

John Kendrick Bangs.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF
and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

No New-Year's table should be without a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura, the renowned appetizer. —[*Adv.*]

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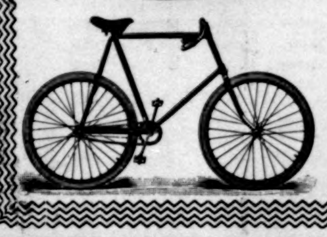

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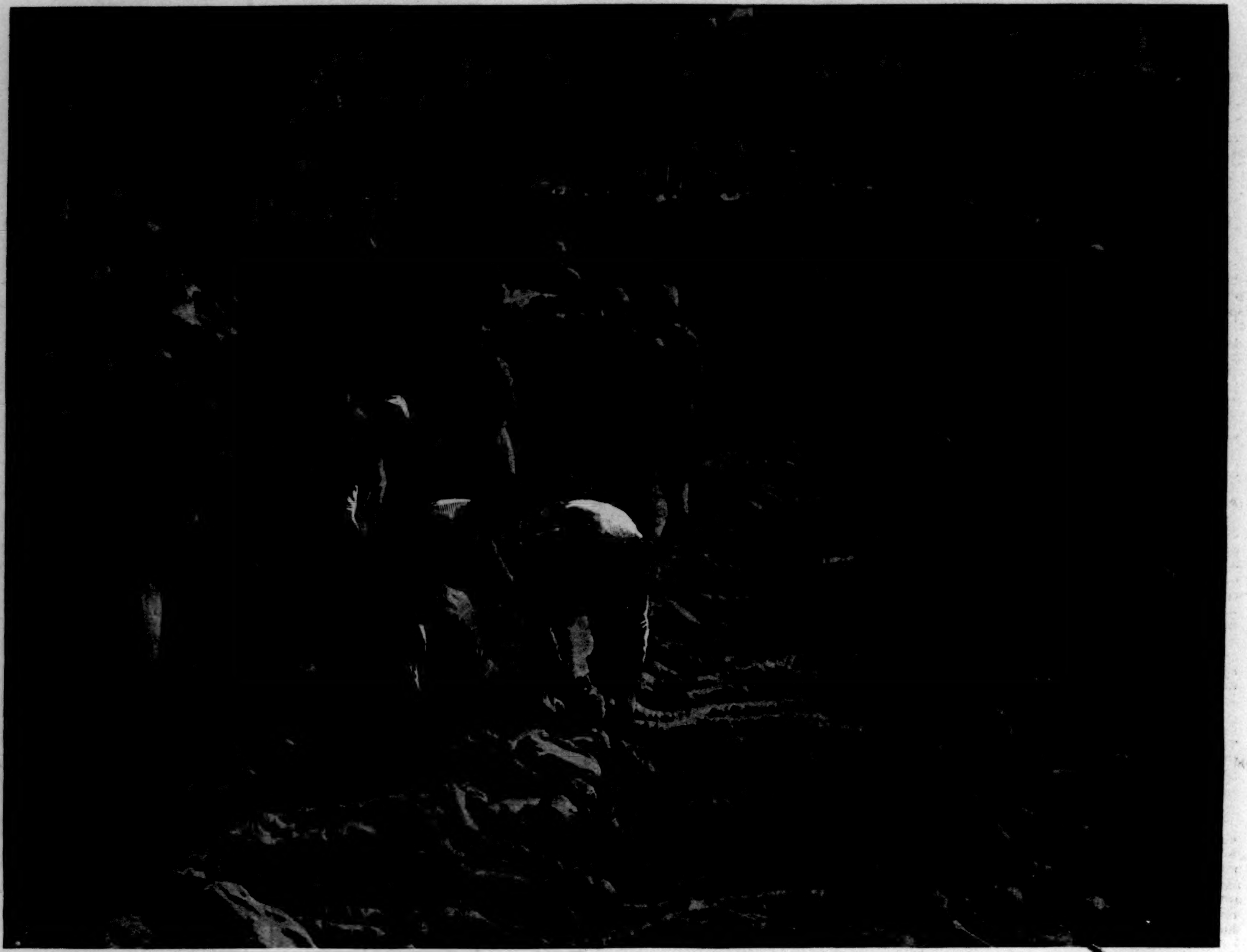

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What a bauble shop our little world is, after all! We create an ideal, cherish it in the conception, give our best thought and work to its development, in fond belief that its merit must be recognized, and awake some cruel day to discover that all our labor has been in vain, that the ideal has been smeared with the dross of self-interest, and our efforts misinterpreted and misunderstood.

This Department has labored so earnestly and so long in the cause of amateur sport, that probably I may be pardoned for having grown to a confidence in its being sympathetically and rightfully understood; that what was herein presented stood solely for the welfare of honest, manly sport, and that it had no other purpose to subserve than the best interests of amateur athletics in the United States. And yet, to judge from the character of some of the letters and the tenor of Western newspaper criticism which have assailed me violently and unremittingly since the recent arraignment in the WEEKLY of professionalism in Western athletics, I must conclude that my confidence has been misplaced, and the aim of this Department entirely lost to view. I marvel a little, too, that the judicious fairness of the Department in the past and the fearlessness with which it has attacked corruption in amateur sport, should not have been sufficient guarantee that it had not now sought mere sensation, nor yet entered upon a crusade it believed righteous only to retreat on the first smell of the enemy's powder.

So it becomes incumbent upon me again to say that this Department desires neither to create sensation nor to do injustice; that its mission is none other than to serve the best interests of amateur sport; that it strives to the utmost of human endeavor to separate rumor from fact, and criticises only that it may lay bare and expurgate the unclean in sport.

Those who have been constant readers of this Department will, I think, remember that for several years it has made a distinct effort to encourage Western and Southern sport; that during the same period it has made frequent appeals to the West and South to resist the tendency toward professionalism, as well known by me then as now. Instead of exposing we have endeavored to instruct and to guide; rather than publicly to censure we have hoped to correct abuses, and finally to cultivate the true comprehension of an amateur.

For several years this Department has been warning and advising the West and the South against professionalism. Patiently it has awaited the dawning of a new era—promised me through numerous letters from faculty and *alumni* advisers. When, however, I found as time went on that the viciousness at so many prominent universities remained undisturbed and undismayed, and that rather than abating it seemed to grow more flagrant, I determined on exposure in the hope that public condemnation might be more effective than private exhortation. It is possible that in my recital of transgressions I may have erred in some unimportant details, but never for a moment have I wavered in my belief that my general grasp of the situation was sound and unassailable. And it has grieved me that newspapers, faculty members, and *alumni*, instead of setting earnestly and instantly to work rooting out the evil which they, as well as I, know exists, have attempted to cover up the rotten core by a flimsy structure based on my perhaps misstatement of insignificant details. It's like the juggler who, by the crashing of the band or other extraneous performance, diverts momentary attention from the real business in hand. But this attack on professionalism in sport is one that cannot be side-tracked by irrelevant dispute. The evil exists, and the attack is on, not to be discontinued short of capitulation.

It has never been the custom of this Department to continue the pursuit once a mortal wound was given, nor to use the club in preference to the rapier. But such wide publicity has been given my arraignment of professionalism in Western sport that I feel constrained, in justice to the cause of purity in athletics, in justice to the universities charged, to this Department, and for the satisfaction of those who have commended its course, and, I hope, for the conversion of those that have condemned it, to take up the subject again in greater detail.

I can say truthfully that it would give me the utmost pleasure to print a retraction of every condemnatory word I have uttered. I sincerely wish my criticism had been unfounded. I am saddened to find that not only were my charges in substance correct, but some of the university faculty members and athletic officers have been so misled, to put it gently, as to publish denials over their signatures.

It is bad enough when corrupt practices in athletic sport are to be charged to under-graduate enthusiasm only, but when they are defended by misleading and disingenuous statements deliberately subscribed to and sworn to by faculty members, it shows that the very wells are poisoned. The following statement, already published in Western papers, and sent us for the like purpose, read in the light of the facts which I give, shows the extent to which the evil has spread.

> On page 1123 of Vol. 39 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in an article entitled "Amateur Sport" and signed "Caspar W. Whitney," appear certain unfounded and false statements concerning the University of Minnesota. It is charged that the football team has employed professional players, paying them money for their services during the season of 1895. Two names are mentioned: those of Hoagland and Parkyn. The University Athletic Association herewith files its explicit denial of the charges.
>
> 1. As regards Hoagland: This man was never in any way connected with the Minnesota team, nor did he ever play in a Minnesota uniform. No person connected with the management of the team ever sent him any telegram offering money for his services. He was never offered $250 or any other sum or compensation whatever to play in the Chicago or in any other game that Minnesota had scheduled. He never practised an hour with the team. The "manager" never 'went after him," nor in any way urged or influenced him to play on the Minnesota team.
>
> 2. As regards Parkyn: He never "practised law in Chicago." Last year he was throughout the year connected with the University of Minnesota, and played sub. full-back, playing in the Wisconsin game at Madison. He spent his vacation in Chicago, and between September 1st and October 1st took training with the Chicago Athletic team preparatory to returning to Minnesota. When the University Medical College opened the 1st of October he returned and enrolled himself in the Medical College, where he has been pursuing work. No agreement to pay him $500 or any other sum was ever closed by the manager, nor did he ever receive $500 or any other sum for playing on the Minnesota team. Nor was there any "guise of delivering lectures."
>
> The charges against the manager of the Minnesota football team, and through him against the Association, are in every particular false from beginning to end.
>
> CONWAY MAC MILLAN,
> Professor of Botany,
> Ch'm'n Faculty Committee on Athletics.
>
> GEO. A. E. FINLAYSON,
> President Athletic Association.
>
> GRANT VAN SANT,
> Manager '95 Football Team.
>
> STATE OF MINNESOTA, } ss.
> COUNTY OF HENNEPIN, }
>
> Personally appeared before me the said Conway Mac Millan, Geo. A. E. Finlayson, and Grant Van Sant, known to me to be the identical persons named in the foregoing statement and subscribed thereto.
>
> Witness my hand and official seal this 26th day of November, 1895.
>
> D. W. SPRAGUE,
> Notary Public, Hennepin Co., Minn."

First, as to Hoagland. As they say, he was never in any way connected with the Minnesota team, nor did he ever play in the Minnesota uniform, nor practise an hour with the team. The WEEKLY of November 23d did not assert he had; I charged that the management had "gone after him." The management did go after him, and did urge and endeavor to get him to play with the team. The manager telegraphed him, requesting him to come to Minneapolis, stating that his expenses for the trip would be paid. He was telegraphed for several times by Van Sant, and by Parkyn, a member of the team, and Van Sant's "personal friend"; and, pursuant to such telegrams, he went to Minneapolis to see what could be done in the way of making arrangements to play with the team.

The expenses of his trip were to be paid by the management, and an offer was made him to the effect that he would be taken care of in Minneapolis until such time as he should find something to do, if he would play with the 'varsity team.

In corroboration of my charge that the Minnesota football management had "gone after" Hoagland and offered him "inducements" to play on the eleven, we print a statement which Mr. Hoagland was honorable enough to make to me over his signature, and the telegrams which bear out him and this Department.

The statement:

> CHICAGO, *December* 15, 1895.
>
> I left Princeton with the class of '95 and went to my home in Chicago. I was playing on the Chicago Athletic Association eleven during the football season of 1895. While playing with this team I received telegrams from Grant Van Sant, manager of the Minnesota Football Team, one of which read, as near as I can remember: "Great game—24–0—but need you. Come up as soon as possible. Will do all that I promised." Another read, "Will do all that we have promised." Another, "Leave Chicago Sunday night, if possible, if only to talk matters over; all expenses will be paid."
>
> I received four or five telegrams from Van Sant, all giving the same assurances that their promises would be carried out if I went to Minneapolis. I had never attended the University of Minnesota as a student.
>
> Van Sant had promised that "we will use our influence" in my behalf in securing for me a business position in Minneapolis in case I went there and played with the team. They made no offer of money at all. The only reason, to my knowledge, I did not play with the Minnesota team was because my business facilities were of too good a nature in Chicago to sacrifice for football, and that is the only reason I did not go East with the Chicago Athletic Club team. They did not write me, but all offers were made by telegram. Pending my getting a position in Minneapolis I was to eat with the team.
>
> Van Sant led me to infer that if I went to Minneapolis and played on the University of Minnesota eleven I must matriculate in the University and become a *bona fide* student thereof.
>
> (Signed) RALPH T. HOAGLAND.
>
> This was read over and signed
> in our presence as witnesses.
> H. A. PARKYN,
> H. S. CORNISH,
> CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

The telegrams:

> MINNEAPOLIS MINN *Oct* 14–95
>
> *Ralph Hogland*
> Care Chicago Athletic Club, Chicago
>
> Come at once everything lovely winning team and will do everything we wrote for reply immediately this office H A PARKYN
>
> MINNEAPOLIS MINN 16 *Oct* '95
>
> *Ralph Hogland*
> Chgo Athletic Club
> (Please forward)
>
> Why dont you reply will do everything you asked for come tonight sure will wire you money for ticket if necessary reply H A PARKYN
>
> MINNEAPOLIS MINN *Oct* 16–95
>
> *R T Hoagland*
> Care Chicago Athletic Club,
> Please forward,
> Chicago.
>
> My advice is come, all personal expenses paid while here and faculty and others will do best for permanent position here. Surely this is fine offer. Reply. H. A. PARKYN.
>
> MINNEAPOLIS MINN *Oct* 16–95
>
> *R J Hoagland*
> Care Chicago Athletic Club "Or residence"
> Chicago
>
> Come at once all expense paid also big influence used in your behalf in Mpls H A PARKYN
>
> MINNEAPOLIS MINN *Oct. 18th*, 1895.
>
> *Ralph Hoagland*,
> Hyde-Park near 51st Chicago, Ills
>
> Come at once prepared to stay if you think best, but come anyway if only to talk matters over will pay all expenses. Reply when will be here. VANSANT.
>
> MINNEAPOLIS MINN 19"
> "If not at club send to residence"
>
> *Mr Hoagland*
> Chicago Athletic Club
> Please forward
> Chicago Ill
>
> 24-0 great team but need you. Come up Sunday night sure will do all we have promised. VANSANT.

Second, as to Parkyn. I was wrong in saying he practised "law" in Chicago. He never practised law, but he did practice medicine, and for almost three months prior to his first game with the University of Minnesota this autumn he and Dean Sudduth had offices together in the Reliance Building, No. 100 State Street.

Sudduth was called to California, and Parkyn made an arrangement with Dr. Wauh, whereby he was enabled to leave Chicago for a couple of months, with the understanding upon his return he should go into business with Dr. Wauh again.

There were numerous letters and telegrams passed between the manager of the Minnesota team and Dr. Parkyn, the final outcome of which was that Van Sant agreed to organize classes in hypnotism, of which Dr. Parkyn should take charge while there, and out of the fees of which he was to pay his expenses, and to also reimburse himself for loss of business in Chicago while absent therefrom.

It was agreed that there should be at least fifty students in the class at ten dollars each. Van Sant failed to keep his part of the agreement, and attention was then called to the original proposition, which was that Dr. Parkyn should give a lecture in Minneapolis, ostensibly for the benefit of the Football Fund, but the proceeds of which, to be at least $300, were to be turned over to Dr. Parkyn. This lecture has not yet been given, although there have been repeated promises made to Dr. Parkyn that they would have him give it very soon, and Van Sant has personally guaranteed Parkyn $200.

Meanwhile Dr. Parkyn has been paid sixty dollars in checks on the Metropolitan Bank of Minneapolis, and these checks have been honored.

There was no intention on Dr. Parkyn's part to remain at Minneapolis any longer than time enough to settle up the business end of his engagement with the University of Minnesota football management.

It must be said in Parkyn's behalf that he was eminently fair in his transactions from a business point of view, being willing, by his own labor and work outside of his football playing, to earn the money necessary to keep him in Minnesota during the season. He only went there after repeated urging and telegrams from Van Sant.

All this Parkyn acknowledged to me before R. T. Hoagland and H. S. Cornish, in room 1706, Auditorium Annex, Chicago, December 15, 1895. He at that time promised to make a statement over his signature to the same effect the next day, December 16th. But when he came to my room he had evidently during the night experienced a change of heart, and instead of an honest, manly story, began to beat the devil about the bush at such a rate that bush, devil, and Parkyn became indistinguishable. He again admitted all the facts—Cornish and Hoagland being also witnesses on this day—but urged that all his arrangements had been made with Van Sant, a "personal friend" of his. He showed me a letter from Van Sant, in which I read Van Sant's promise to guarantee $200; he showed me two telegrams from Van Sant and one from one Albert—sent to him in Chicago, and all in substance urging his going to Minneapolis, and that they would do "all he had asked in his letters," which was to organize classes in hypnotism. Finally Parkyn said both Doctor Sudduth and Doctor Waugh objected to his making a statement, and would like to see me. That night, December 16th, I saw Parkyn again, and he told me he had concluded to make a statement, despite Sudduth's objections. December 17th I met Drs. Sudduth and Waugh and Parkyn in the office of the first-named, and the matter was again discussed, and all the facts again admitted. I apparently convinced Drs. Waugh and Sudduth of the wisdom of Parkyn telling an honest story of the negotiations, which had thus far shown him in no discreditable light, rather than remaining silent, which would create suspicion, or telling a disingenuous tale, such as Van Sant had already done. At last, after much talk, Drs. Waugh and Sudduth withdrew their objections, and Dr. Parkyn and Dr. Sudduth promised me they would make a statement that night, and—as I was starting back for New York—forward it to me by mail that night (December 17th). I took them for men of their word; it appears I took them for too much. I have awaited the statement until the last hour of our going to press (December 20th, 1 P.M.), and it has not arrived.

So far as my charges are concerned, the statement's arrival or non-arrival is a matter of no importance; for all that I charged against Minnesota *in re* Parkyn I have corroborated before witnesses and I can prove. The offer to Parkyn of space in the WEEKLY for his statement was prompted purely by a desire to give him the opportunity of telling an honest, straight story. Evidently he has no such wish.

Herewith also, with his permission, I publish a letter to me from Heffelfinger, Yale's one time famous guard, who this year coached the Minnesota eleven:

> "DEAR SIR, MINNEAPOLIS, *Dec.* 17, 1895.
>
> "Parkyn, as you have guessed, was undoubtedly a ringer at the University of Minnesota, for he has gone back to Chicago, and is no longer seen around the university campus. I was given to understand that he was taking a regular course at the Medical School, or he never could have played on the university football team. I am sure he was not remunerated for his services, according to reports, as I have investigated since my return to Minneapolis. He was promised classes in hypnotism, however, as he is a specialist in this line, at least so I am informed.
>
> "Parkyn may have been irregular, in fact I now know that he was; but he was the only member of the team that was not a *bona fide* member of the University of Minnesota. Captain Harrison will have no outsiders next year, and he will play only regular university students, taking as many from the undergraduate department as possible.
>
> "University of Minnesota will play next year only teams who they know are regular in every respect, and they will endeavor to purify athletics in this section by their example.
>
> Yours truly, W. W. HEFFELFINGER."

Now, as to the University of Michigan. Its eleven is perhaps the most striking example in the West of the "collected" team. Hollister was the athletic instructor at Beloit, and left a one thousand dollar a year job to go to Michigan.

It may be that Mr. Hollister was not influenced by pecuniary considerations to go to Michigan, and I have his letter denying that such was the case. But the fact remains that Hollister had charge of athletics at Beloit, that he was paid for it, and that he was therefore a professional, and in no way eligible to the University of Michigan eleven. Whether he was at Michigan to continue his studies in law or to play on the eleven cuts no figure in the matter, as my criticisms touched his eligibility as an amateur only.

Bloomington, also, of the Michigan team, is a professional baseball player, and played all summer on the Owosso team of the Michigan State League.

As to my other charges, which have been emphatically denied by the athletic authorities of this university through the Western press and to me by letter—Hall did coach a college team, received $250 for it, and admitted it, and was disqualified from entering the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic meeting last spring as being a professional.

Hadden has admitted in Chicago, before witnesses, that he had been offered inducements to play on the Michigan team.

As to Stevenson. I have charged that he was offered $600 by Roger Sherman, as manager of the Michigan team, to play with that eleven. I erred in an immaterial detail, which Michigan men have seized upon in order to dodge the issue. They deny that he made such an offer, or that he was manager of the eleven. The facts are as follows: Sherman managed the summer trip and training of the team at Omena, a summer resort on Traverse Bay, Michigan. Charles Baird was the regular manager, and was the one who originally conducted the negotiations with Stevenson, which Sherman knew about and talked over with Stevenson in the Chicago cable-car, October 5, '95. Mr. Sherman admitted this to me, before a witness, in Chicago, December 17, '95. Mr. Sherman is a young lawyer of excellent repute and will not deny this statement. Besides, Stevenson has admitted it.

The reason Stevenson did not go to Minnesota was because, he said, he preferred playing in Chicago if he could do as well, and to keep him a purse of $600 was made up among the members of the Chicago Athletic Association, on whose team he played to the end of the season.

Hooper, when he had any steady occupation, was an assayer, not lawyer, in Butte, and was enrolled as a member of the Butte Football Club, and when he suddenly left that town and went to Michigan, the manager of the Butte Club paid tribute to Mr. Hooper's prowess by writing in a letter that Michigan "had come out and got one of his best men." On the close of Michigan's football season Hooper went back to Butte, and is to-day on the Butte team, which is making a tour on the Pacific coast.

FURTHERMORE, AS REGARDS MICHIGAN'S ETHICS, I neglected in my first criticism to mention James Baird, brother of Charles Baird, manager, and the Michigan '94 captain and quarter-back, and his brief sojourn at Ann Arbor this autumn. About the time Michigan opened, Baird was coaching the St. John's Military Academy team at Delafield, Wisconsin, for which purpose, I believe, he had been given a month's vacation from a contractor's office in Chicago, where he was employed.

Baird was reported by Kellett, captain of the St. John's team, to have said that he would like to play with Michigan if the management "made it an object to him." Whether this is correct or not the facts are that Baird did shortly thereafter go to Michigan and play on the team until after the Harvard game.

I have not discovered what course he took outside of football. Immediately after the Harvard game he returned to Chicago, prevented from continuing the college year out "by reason of a severely wrenched knee," which, however, did not prevent him from playing out the Harvard game.

Among the Michigan substitutes were Shields (who last year played on the Owosso and Grand Rapids baseball nines, both professionals), Mackenzie, and Watkins, both of them members of the University of Michigan nine, who played baseball at Traverse City, Michigan, last summer with a nine called "The Hustlers," and an aggregation of questionable amateur status.

MY CRITICISMS OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY regarding the playing of Huddelson and Thomas were based on the statements of these men themselves, made in Chicago before witnesses. After the game against Wisconsin, September 21st, both went back to the Chicago Athletic Club, on which team they afterwards played.

Northwestern has a School of Oratory which seems to make but slight demand on those enrolled; it is in this school that most of the athletic transgressors are housed.

I have not found any one who can tell me that Thomas even so much as saw the inside of the college hall at Evanston in the capacity of a student. Perry and Culver, if they were enrolled, paid very little attention to their studies. All these cases are too well known to even merit space here. I charged that they went to Northwestern solely to play football, and my investigations at Chicago, borne out by witnesses, prove its correctness.

VAN DOOZER SEEMS TO BE HONEST, though his relations with Northwestern appear a bit incomprehensible to the outsider. He was in the employ of the United States Life-Saving Station at Chicago, and has left it, making some arrangement to work his way through the college. From all I could learn, although his case is irregular, yet he seems to be in earnest to gain an education, and is willing to work for it. All praise is due a man who wants an education, and is prepared to earn it. But when these men find their way to football elevens, suspicion as to whence the "return" is natural and unavoidable. If there were not so much concealment, there would be less suspicion. There is nothing discreditable in a man working his way through college; but there is much discredit to the university when it makes its athletics by some way or another the concealed means to that end.

AS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, I have been unable to learn any facts that would alter the statements concerning some of the men who have played.

Nichols has played professional baseball, Ewing has done coaching for money, and Stagg, of course, is the paid athletic instructor of the university. Allen has been an instructor in the gymnasium.

But it is only fair to Chicago, however, to say that their sins have not been aggravated by dishonesty. The rules of this university, at total variance with the best interpretation of an amateur, permit the playing of a man who has given athletic instruction for money. It is also fair to Nichols to say that his case of professional ball-playing was several years ago, and was known and pardoned by his university. And Stagg's playing on the nine in the Omaha game was because of the disablement of the regular pitcher. I discovered none of the vicious "collecting" on the Chicago eleven of which some of the other universities have been guilty. Chicago's transgressions are due to a wrongful but open misconception of an amateur. That they will speedily come to view the matter in its proper light, the *personnel* of the faculty makes me quite confident.

HAVING NOW COMPLIED with the numberless requests made to me by letter and through the Western press for either a retraction or a substantiation of my charges, I should like to say, before discussing the ethics of the question, that no one more than myself deplores the necessity for such direct and personal criticism, nor has this been a crusade against individuals that have been "induced," but against universities that have played the tempter's rôle and violated the principles of amateur sport. I am pleased to commend the honorable course of Hoagland and the others in telling me an honest story when I had convinced them of the baneful effect on college sport of these "inducing" and "collecting" methods.

IN AMATEUR SPORT that ancient saw, "Nothing succeeds like success," does not hold when the means of succeeding are not healthful. Unfortunately, too many colleges, too many clubs, enter the competitive arena with the settled conviction that the surest road to success is by winning games.

Roger Sherman said during our talk that winning was absolutely essential to the success of a Western team. That Western college sport leads a from-hand-to-mouth existence. But what fallacious argument! It is perfectly certain that all the teams cannot win—no matter if the entire United States serve as a recruiting-field or the athletic associations are lavish with "inducements." It is quite as certain that all will have an equal chance if all start on the equal footing of elevens being representative of the several universities. Assume, for sake of argument, that "collecting" be essential to success—where is it to end? Unquestionably in dissolute professionalism and loss of student support. Certainly one of the essentials to success in any university sport is undergraduate enthusiasm that reveals itself in candidates for the team, and side line encouragement. Take away that incentive—"collect" your team hither and yon—and before long there will be no candidates and slight enthusiasm. That college success depends largely on developing home material year after year is too well known even to recite here. That "collected" teams check that development is as true.

IF WESTERN COLLEGE SPORT leads a from-hand-to-mouth existence it is not astonishing; for Western methods of "collecting," "inducing," and playing professionals are the surest ones to stifle the development of that undergraduate material which places sport on a healthful, firm basis. Just so long as these methods are pursued, just so long will Western college sport live from day to day.

And as to this feverish feeling that they must win—what is it? What is the end of sport?—simply to win games, to provide entertainment as a travelling troupe of minstrels; or to furnish play and physical relaxation, inculcate manliness, and develop vigor and activity? As President Schurman of Cornell has said, the true end of sport is not victory, but the thrill of honorably contending for it. Higher than sport, higher even than physical culture, are self-respect and honesty, and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and conscience of the sportsman. When the sports and recreations of amateurs become the business of professionals, then follow scandal, dishonesty, dissolution. If Western universities desire to place their sport on a substantial and healthful basis, they will cease looking abroad for players, and turn their attention to the undergraduates at home.

NOT UNMINDFUL OF THE AMERICAN TENDENCY to "get there," I have appreciated that Western universities in the heat of rivalry and endeavor to gain recognition have attempted short-cuts to success; but short-cuts that lead to ephemeral success in athletics do not necessarily reach prosperity. There is something else in amateur sport besides winning games. If that were all, the whole fabric would very shortly tumble upon our heads.

If I have been bitter in my criticisms, it has been because I realize so fully the harm, because I have looked a little farther into the future, and probably made a little more careful study of the subject than the average man. I have made my criticisms personal, I have cited individual transgressors, simply to bring my comments to some effective focus.

We in the East have had our times of tribulation. I cannot say that they have entirely passed from us. There are still cases where the ethics of amateur sport are ruthlessly trod upon. But whereas formerly these cases were frequent and flagrant, now they are few and unimportant —in comparison. There is every reason why the East should be very much farther advanced than the West in its general conduct of sport, for we have experience and age and the judgment that goes with them, and age is a very potent refiner. I have not forgotten this in my criticisms, nor have I, in commenting on the reprehensible athletic situation in the Western universities, overlooked the differing conditions of age, environment, and prejudice.

I AM PERFECTLY WELL AWARE that Western faculties have to contend with many vexing social and worldly problems, so far as their undergraduates are concerned, that Eastern faculties are spared. That the number of worthy young men who work their way through colleges is probably greater than that in the East. That faculties have found themselves in the position where the strictest interpretation of the amateur ruling, as held in the East, has not seemed to them the wisest adjudication under the circumstances.

I realize, too, that the highest interpretation of an amateur is not recognized so generally as it is in the East.

And that the press is in no position to educate, the following comment, clipped from a Chicago paper, will show:

> "According to the expression on the street, Caspar Whitney of HARPER'S WEEKLY has 'stepped on himself.' It is too bad that a man with so good a reputation as a fair-minded sporting writer should be so deceived by false reports as to the condition of affairs here. He begins with a charge that Parkyn, the Chicago Athletic Association player, received $500 to go to Minnesota. *That Parkyn received something for his change I do not doubt, but the figure was much less than $500.* His worst mistake is in the charges against Michigan. *Hall's only offence has been coaching a football team*, and then Whitney proceeds into a bad tangle. Hadden was a tackle, and never played end except on the second eleven.
>
> ...."Whitney's charges against the University of Chicago are entirely without foundation. There is not a team in the country purer in its amateur standing. It is true that there are men on the team *who have coached for money*, but I must deny that is a ground for professionalism. I can say from intimate knowledge that no man ever received a cent for playing football at this institution. *This is the only test of purity in football.* The fact that some of the men have accepted *an offer to earn their tuition by instructing classes in compulsory gymnastic work* is certainly no ground for Whitney's putting the word amateur into quotation marks. In regard to Michigan and Minnesota I am not so sure, but there is positively no ground for his charges against the University of Chicago.... W. D."
>
> —Italics are ours.

It is evident "W. D." does not know what *amateur* means.

I KNOW THAT MANY A WORTHY YOUNG MAN HAS gone to college for the sole purpose of educating himself, and attained that education largely because his athletic ability gave him the means of earning enough to remain out his four years. I have nothing but praise for any man who is earnest in his efforts at self-improvement. I only ask of him the same honesty in sport that he has in his more serious occupation. I only insist that such a man shall not be called an amateur when he is a professional. I assert that where there is one such individual who is honest in his college work there would be hundreds to abuse our confidence; that the tolerance of rules that permit of such abuse is a menace to amateur sport.

THERE IS BUT A SINGLE DEFINITION of an amateur—one who derives no pecuniary gain, directly or indirectly, from his athletic prowess. There are no degrees of an amateur. A man must be either a professional or an amateur. The great abiding difference between an amateur and a professional is that one plays for sport, recreation; the other for gain, business. If he is brought back to college for the purpose of playing football, and is paid, no matter by what means or to what amount, he is not an amateur, and faculties that countenance and athletic managements that aid are accomplices in the fraud.

There is no question that sport as a by-play to university life is most wholesome, nor any doubt that the introduction of athletics in our universities in the last dozen years has been of immeasurable benefit to the mental and moral welfare of the undergraduate body. Animal spirits that formerly found a vent in carousing of one kind or another have been drawn off into football, baseball, track athletics, etc., while the direct physical betterment of the average young man is a matter of record. There can be no gainsaying these facts. They are admitted by all intelligent students of the times. I think it will be as equally acknowledged by all intelligent men that artificial propagation of any game must invariably result to its detriment. The life of sport at universities depends on healthful stimulation and more or less general participation of the student body. To confine athletics to a few favored ones, or to gather stars from outside sources, is simply to kill the interest of the undergraduate body and eventually to lessen the sports' recruiting-field. The sophistry of star teams and "collected" teams has been demonstrated over and over again.

THESE ARE FACTS THAT OUGHT TO PROVE to college faculties and to managers, and all those who have the control of teams in their care, the lack of wisdom in a policy that seeks its athletic success by artificial or dishonest methods. If these material facts are not convincing, I fear the ethics of the question will have slight influence on those to whom *macte virtute* is both an unwritten and an unrecognized law.

SOME VERY GOOD RULES have been made by a few of the Western colleges, which, if lived up to, would leave little for criticism. Many of the universities have the heart for improvement, but not as yet the courage of their convictions, nor the spirit to stand alone in the good work for athletic betterment.

It is easy to understand the difficulty for one university to combat the prevalent unwholesomeness when all the others are arrayed against them, and winning games by their very outrage of common morality.

Letters that I have received from several of the faculty members of the different universities criticised show a knowledge of the unwholesomeness, and a willingness to eradicate the evils if only a harmonious and united effort can be made.

It seems to me the best and only possible manner by which the standard of Western college sport may be raised to its rightful plane is by a convention of all the Western universities, and an adoption of such rules and regulations as those in force at the better Eastern colleges.

The very first rule to be passed should be one forbidding participation on all college teams to men that coached for money or received compensation for athletic instruction of any kind whatsoever.

When such a rule is passed, and the faculties of the universities unite in a determined effort to cast out the unclean and banish the athletic "collecting" agent, we shall have some confidence in their virtuous protestations, and Western college sport will merit the recognition it is now striving for by "from hand-to-mouth" methods.

AND NOW ONE FINAL WORD before dismissing the subject on the duty of the press. This great broad subject of purity in athletics is one far beyond the mere winning of games. It has become a great moral question; it is one for editorial rather than reportorial treatment; it is not one for sensational or prejudiced portrayal; it is not to be accepted without question because of its good nor damned unqualifiedly because of its bad.

I ask the secular press to give us less sensation and more earnest effort to build up appreciation of honest, manly, amateur sport. As for the religious press, if it would exercise less intemperance in its arraignments its words would command more respect and attention. I fear if ministers of the gospel fought the world, the flesh, and the devil after the same manner as they fling themselves against football there would be few repentants on the sinners' bench.

The treatment of football and athletics generally by the religious press as a whole is absurd, illogical, and weak, and serves to defeat the good they might do, and to bring ridicule upon the altogether worthy efforts of others. Because man is frail and susceptible to temptation and to sin, ministers do not therefore cast him aside as unworthy of reclamation, nor condemn all men therefor, nor even relax their efforts to develop what little good there is in the obdurate.

What would become of the world, of the church, of its evangelists, if they did? How much headway would ministers make in the redemption of sinners if they started out with the proclamation that there was literally no health within us?

Every man of intelligence will deplore such prejudiced arraignment of football as the editorial of the *Christian Advocate* for December 5, 1895. Worthy in its aims, no doubt, it goes about its work in the surest way to defeat its own purpose. It proclaims editorially that "Football must go," forgetting that that cry has been raised before by the bigoted and silenced by the common-sense of the community. It wars against football, not the *evil* that is in it; it would cast out the sinner—not convert him. Such raving does more harm than good. Deep down in the heart of every intelligent pulsing man is the conviction that honest clean sport is beneficial; who so leads his attack by denying that fact closes the ears of his auditors. But we want our sport honest; we want our boys manly, our young men vigorous. Let us all then unite in an effort in that direction, and not waste time and spend energy in ignorant and narrow condemnation. Let us purge the good of its evil, and not damn it because of that evil.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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